

The Enterprise.

VOL. 6.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

NO. 39.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.
5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:12 A. M. Daily.
12:45 P. M. Daily.
4:51 P. M. Daily.
5:54 P. M. Daily.
SOUTH.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:19 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
4:06 P. M. Daily.
7:05 P. M. Daily.
12:20 A. M. Sundays Only (Theater).

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

Change of Time Which Went Into Effect February 5th, 1900.
Cars leave Holy Cross.
6:49, 7:13, 7:37, 8:01, 8:16 A. M.
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:21 P. M.
3:31 P. M., 3:45, 4:01, 4:17, 4:33, 4:49, 5:06, 5:21
and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:21 P. M.
10:21, 10:35, 11:25.
All cars run direct through to new Ferry Depot.
First car leaves Station 8:52 A. M., and every 15 minutes thereafter until 6:30 P. M.
Time cards can be obtained by applying to conductors or office at 30th St.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 7:35 4:20
" South. 7:35 4:20

MAIL CLOSURES.

North. 8:30 12:30
South. 7:00 4:35
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck. Redwood City
TREASURER
F. F. Chamberlain. Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger. Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock. Redwood City
ASSESSOR
G. D. Hayward. Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson. Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield. Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker. Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton. Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe. Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert. Redwood City

INSISTS ON CONVENTION.

Russia is Apparently Waiting for the Withdrawal of Foreign Troops.

New York.—A cablegram from Peking says: There is an impression that the Manchurian question has been shelved. It is still important, however, as Russia will insist on some convention with China on this matter when the foreign troops evacuate North China, and the court is re-established at Peking.

London.—A high official in Peking, who claims the power of divination, says a dispatch to the Standard from Tien-tsin has notified the Chinese court that the dragon has left the capital, and consequently it is impossible for the court to return there. Conservative officials in Sianfu are jubilant. It is by such trifles that the policy of China is governed. In the House of Commons the Parliamentary Secretary of the Foreign Office, Lord Cranborne, informed a questioner that the difficulty which caused the deadlock among the Ministers of the foreign powers at Peking had reference to the collection of revenues, earmarked for the purpose of the indemnity, and that the negotiations at Peking were still in progress.

Army and Navy Orders.

Washington.—Army orders: Captain Herbert A. White, First Cavalry from leave of absence, San Francisco to Fort Meade, S. D., for duty pertaining to the organization of the Third Cavalry; First Lieutenant William H. Brooks, assistant surgeon, relieved from duty at San Francisco and to proceed to St. Michael, Alaska, for duty; Major Robert Burns, surgeon, from Plymouth, N. H., upon expiration of leave of absence to San Francisco for transportation to Manila.

Navy orders: Lieutenant-Commander Simon Cook to Mare Island yard, August 1st; Warrant Machinist, J. F. Green, additional temporary duty at Puget Sound Naval Station.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened All Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Lord Kitchener has commuted the sentence of death passed on thirty-four Boer prisoners to penal servitude for life.

The Spanish Senate has rejected a motion which had been objected to by the Premier, Senor Sagasta, to determine by inquiry who was responsible for the disasters to Spain in the war with the United States.

Count de Lichtervelde, Belgian Minister to the United States, will retire from that post at his own request. He will be succeeded by Viscount de Beghijn, Counselor to the Belgian Legation in London.

In response to the representatives of the State Department, the British Government has declined to release any of the Americans who were captured while serving in the Boer army. The only exceptions will be in the cases of prisoners whose health is such as to make their confinement dangerous.

United States Senator W. A. Clark, according to the St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya, has joined with Kieff capitalists in establishing a copper company having a capital of 115,000,000 rubles, Clark supplying 112,000,000 rubles. With M. Margolin, one of the directors, Clark is going to the Government of Semipalatinsk to examine the mines there.

The State Department has received a note from the Italian Embassy at Washington inclosing a letter from the Mayor of Turin to President McKinley expressing the hope that artists and manufacturers from the United States will take part in the international exposition of modern decorative art to be held in Turin in 1902 under the patronage of the King of Italy.

The Imperial German navy and some manufacturers are using large quantities of an oily product of German brown coal tar called "masut" for heating and steam producing. The advantages of "masut" over coal are said to be a one-fourth greater heat producing quality, a greater ease in handling, very little smoke and the ability to produce full-power steam in less time than with coal.

A dispatch from Rome says a man named Narcisso Miotti has been arrested charged with being concerned in an anarchist plot to kill King Victor Emmanuel. He was betrayed by a letter written to his sweetheart, breaking off their engagement of marriage on the score that he had received an order to kill the King from a society of which he was a member.

The Controller of the Treasury in his decision holds that the terms of officers of the Paris Exposition appointed by the President, expire as follows: Commissioner-General Ferdinand W. Peck, July 21, 1901; Secretary Fred W. Brackett, August 17, 1901; Assistant Commissioner-General B. W. Woodward, September 2, 1901, or earlier if the work assigned them is sooner completed.

The war in Cape Colony is hurting the United States trade in that quarter, according to a report received at the State Department from Consul-General Stowe, dated shortly before he submitted his resignation to the Department. On account of the war, vessels from the United States ports are compelled to lie in the bay for days at a time before dockage facilities can be obtained, and this has caused orders for certain goods heretofore obtained in the United States to be sent to England. Mail boats, arriving from Southampton, are allowed to enter the docks immediately on arrival to discharge passengers and they are allowed to discharge their freight at the same time.

Upholds the Water Rights of Indians.

Phoenix, A. T.—The United States District Court took summary steps to relieve the condition of the suffering Pima and Maricopa Indians, when it granted an injunction restraining the canal owners above the Indian reservation from taking water from the river and thus depriving the Indians of their water supply. The action is of much importance, in that it will give the Indians water enough to prevent famine, which caused such disaster among them last year.

Assignments of Artillery.

Washington.—Orders issued by the War Department assign the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Companies, Artillery Corps, to the Department of California, and the Thirty-second Company, to the Department of Columbia. These troops have just arrived at San Francisco on the Indiana from service in the Philippines.

DEFENDS HIS MANIFESTO.

Rosebery Is Convinced That All of Its Allegations Were Incontrovertible.

London.—Speaking at the City Liberal Club, Lord Rosebery said that his recent manifesto, in which he declared that the Liberal party could not exist under the present conditions, has been followed by such an extraordinary hullabaloo that he felt convinced he had expressed in this manifesto the clear and exact truth in respect to the situation, and not one of his allegations had been disproved or challenged. Lord Rosebery said he wrote the manifesto because, after the meetings in Queen's Hall and at the Reform Club, unless some clear repudiation of the statement regarding the war was made, it was impossible for the Liberal party to continue to exist as a sound force appealing to the highest sympathies of the country. On the question of the war he said his starting point was that in spite of the Jameson raid and in spite of the South African committee, the Boers had invaded the dominions of the late Queen, and from that moment, although he had criticized the methods of the Government, yet, on the main issue, to carry the war to a triumphant close, it would have his warmest support. The dinner given Herbert H. Asquith, member of Parliament, by thirty Liberal members of the House of Commons and 370 other public men, which had been looked forward to for a month as an event that might result in the organized secession of the Liberal Imperialists, was a quiet and even a dreary affair. Asquith's speech had been spoiled by the incidents of the week, especially by Lord Rosebery's letter to the City Liberal Club and by his speech later before that body. Asquith referred to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, but did not mention Lord Rosebery.

He reaffirmed in moderate phrases his protest against the Liberal party identifying itself with the proper group, desiring that Liberals must recognize the empire and its needs and then go in for domestic reform.

The Duke of Marlborough is about to appear in a new role. There will occur at Blenheim palace, the duke's seat, Woodstock, Oxford, August 10th, one of the largest political demonstrations of recent times. Its object is to celebrate the third Unionist victory in the elections. Three thousand delegates from the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist associations throughout the country will be present, while the gathering will number in all about 7000.

MAIL REGULATIONS CHANGED.

New Order Not to Be Enforced Strictly Until the First of Next October.

Washington.—Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden has issued a circular notice to all postmasters calling special attention to the order promulgated recently making radical changes in the kind of publications allowed admission as second-class mail matter. It says that postmasters may be held on their official bonds for revenue lost to the department through improper application or faulty administration of these regulations. The pound rate of postage, it says, is a special privilege at the public expense, and the department will restrict the privilege to those publications which are fairly within the contemplation of the law and properly meet the requirements.

Owing to the material changes of practice which will be necessary by some publishers and news agents, the department, where it is inequitable, will not enforce the new regulations immediately, but will in no case extend the time beyond October 1, 1901. The excess of copies printed of any publication (50 per cent of the issue) over the number necessary to supply the legitimate list of subscribers, may be sent as sample copies to induce new subscribers or advertising patronage, but all sample copies must be properly so marked on the exposed face of the publication or on the wrapper.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT CONDEMNED

Seattle Inspector Says Three Thousand Cases Are Infected With Pests.

Seattle, Wash.—Seattle commission men are up in arms over the condemnation of 3000 cases of California peaches, apples and pears by Deputy Fruit Inspector C. A. Hentzel. The Inspector claims that the fruit is infested with pests. The case has been referred to State Horticulturist Von Holderbeke.

Deputy Inspector Hentzel explained his action as follows: "Inspector Brown is on a vacation and as his deputy I condemned all California peaches, apples and pears received on the steamer Wala Wala; also a large number of Yakima peaches. I passed the California plums and potatoes. I believe there were nearly 3000 cases in all. The fruit condemned was infested with fruit pests."

"I was informed that commission men along eastern avenue were against the action I had taken and that they had notified Mr. von Holderbeke. Before dumping the shipment overboard I decided to await his arrival in the city and hear his decision. I hope, for the interest of the local commission men, that his decision will be against mine, but I believe Mr. Brown would have taken the same course."

STORM STIRRED UP.

Rear-Admiral Schley is Charged With Cowardice.

OFFICER MACLAY'S SEVERE CRITICISM

Naval History Which Tells of the Santiago Fight—Third Volume to Be Excluded From Naval Academy.

Washington.—Secretary Long said that the third volume of MacLAY's history of the United States Navy would be excluded from use as a text book at the naval academy because of criticisms contained therein of the conduct of Rear-Admiral Schley previous to and at the naval battle of Santiago. The Secretary says it would be manifestly improper to have a history containing such intemperate language as a text book for the cadets. He will inform both Commander Wainwright, who is in command of the naval academy, and Mr. MacLAY, the author, of his decision.

In this decision the Secretary says the contents of the entire volume were not submitted to him by the historian. He received only the proofs of the third chapter—that relating to the mobilizing of the fleets—which contained the summary of the orders which he, as Secretary of the Navy, had issued in making the naval preparations for the war. That chapter was satisfactory, and he returned it to Mr. MacLAY with an indication of his approval. He says he never saw the account of the battle of Santiago and the criticisms of Rear-Admiral Schley until after the book was published. Mr. MacLAY was appointed to his present position in the New York Navy Yard on August 13, 1898, having been transferred from the lighthouse service.

Among the paragraphs in the chapter of MacLAY's book which describes the sea battle of Santiago and which has aroused the present discussion, are these: "Schley, on May 28, 1898, sullied the brightest of American motives by penning: 'Much to be regretted, cannot obey orders,' and turned in caltiff flight from the danger spot toward which duty, honor and the whole American people were most earnestly urging him."

"Viewed in whatever light it may be, the foregoing dispatch cannot be characterized otherwise than as being, without exception, the most humiliating, cowardly, and lamentable report ever penned by an American naval officer."

"Schley was perfectly willing to avoid blanketing the fire of the other American war ships, even at the risk of a disastrous collision with the Texas, so long as he could escape getting too close to danger."

New York.—MacLAY was seen and asked what action he intended taking in view of the position Secretary Long had taken toward his book and his criticisms of Admiral Schley.

"Relative to my criticisms of Admiral Schley, he said, 'perhaps my language was a little indiscreet, and perhaps my methods of emphasizing what I had to say could have been modified, but—and I want this to be distinctly understood—I shall not modify the subject matter.'

"Your modifications, then, will only be a question of adjectives?"
"Yes, nothing more. My views remain unchanged and I have seen nothing in the arguments and statements advanced by Schley's partisans to induce me to change my views one whit. What I have said has been arrived at only after exhaustive reading of the official reports and most thorough investigation of every possible accurate source of information."

"In your history you charge Schley with cowardice. Do you intend to modify that?"
"No, I shall not."

"You also said that if Schley was not guilty of cowardice he was guilty of a prevarication equivalent to falsehood. In other words, you charge him with lying. Will that be modified?"

"I don't care to modify that, either."

"Why did you use language which appears in your book, when you wrote it first?"
"Because a man could not be human and go over those records without becoming indignant. Any man, any American would have felt and said the same. The language used represented my feelings then, and my feelings now are the same."

"The proofs were submitted to the officers who took part in the battle of Santiago, as well as to Secretary Long, and received their approval. I should explain that only those portions of the book were submitted to each officer that related to him personally or to the part he took in the battle. The proofs submitted to Mr. Long dealt with that part of the war that concerned him."

Russia After Chinese Collieries.

London.—A dispatch from Shanghai says the Russians, through the Belgians, are endeavoring to buy the Kai Ping collieries, the strategic value of which is incalculable. Kai Ping collieries are now largely supplying the navies of the Powers in the Far East.

REPORT ON HARBOR.

Head of the Department in Washington Notified of Work Done.

Washington.—The Chief Engineer of the Army has received the annual report of the engineer officers in charge of the river and harbor improvements in San Francisco and vicinity for the fiscal year which ended on June 30th last. The report states that the removal of Shag rock has progressed so that the projected depth of thirty feet was reached. In accomplishing this work 52,000 pounds of explosive were used during the year, and the operations were attended with great difficulty. The work was slow, very expensive, and, in some respects, unsatisfactory. The required navigable depth was reached on April 5th last. Work on Arch rock was begun on September 15, 1900, and has progressed well. During the last fiscal year \$52,181 was expended on these improvements, making the total to June 30th last, \$55,511.

During the fiscal year \$170,135 was expended on Oakland harbor, making a total of \$2,115,061 on that work to date. The High street bridge was completed and accepted. The diverting channel for Sausal creek was finished in October, and the Fruitvale avenue bridge has been completed.

The report also includes the operations in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, but only \$230.45 was expended on that project during the fiscal year.

RICHEST BANK IN THE COUNTRY

Stockholders of the First National or New York Vote to Increase Its Capital.

New York.—The stockholders of the First National Bank vote to increase its capital to \$10,000,000. In addition the bank will have a surplus of \$10,000,000, making its combined capital and surplus greater than that of any other bank in the United States. The only two banks which approach it in amount of capital and surplus are the National Bank of Commerce and the National City Bank, both of this city, the former with \$10,000,000 capital and \$7,000,000 surplus and the latter with \$10,000,000 capital and \$6,000,000 surplus.

The First National is one of the best known of the so-called Wall-street banks. It occupies the first floor of the United Bank building, at the corner of Wall street and Broadway, jointly with the National Bank of the Republic. Its stock, which has been getting dividends at the rate of 100 per cent yearly, is very closely held by the directors and a few of their business associates. These directors and their friends are popularly known in the financial district as the "First National Bank party." They and the bank have been concerned in many of the most important financial transactions of recent years.

AN HEIRESS STARVING.

Has Documents Showing Her to Be Entitled to a Hundred Thousand Dollars.

New York.—It seems strange that a woman, who, according to letters and documents she has to show, is entitled to a share worth more than \$100,000 in a valuable estate, should be practically starving in the streets of this city, but that is the case. For the last few weeks Miss Elizabeth Sherry, a pale, stoop-shouldered woman, has been sitting around Morningside and Mount Morris parks, in Harlem, sleeping there nights and getting what she could to eat by begging. Documents in her possession show conclusively that she is one of the heirs to what was known as the Hopper farm, and which now adjoins the Vanderbilt, Seagram and Hobart properties. She is now sharer in a claim covering property along the line of roadway, between forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets. Miss Sherry says that her relatives are anxious to get rid of her, so they can get her share of the money. Lawyers have taken up the woman's case.

The property is involved in a suit, in which the Vanderbilts, the Eno estate, the Hobarts of California and others are implicated. Altogether, it is said to be worth nearly \$7,000,000.

Overworking Young Horses.

Many are finding themselves short of horse power this year and are working young horses too hard. A young horse is usually a willing one. He has not learned how to save himself and will under the excitement and urging necessary for his mate do more than he is really able to do without injury to himself. A little too much work or too big an effort may permanently injure a three-year-old, and a four-year-old is usually no better fitted for hard work because of the changes in his mouth. It doesn't pay to take any chances of ruining a promising horse for the sake of a little work, no matter how urgent the case may appear.

Navy Yard Reducing Expenses.

Tacoma, Wash.—Word is received here that the Government navy yard at Bremerton has laid off 100 men, principally machinists, and will shortly reduce wages so as to make them more nearly equal to the scale paid in the local shops of the cities on Puget sound.

Fresh earth in the henry is indispensable for dusting and scratching. It will cleanse the feathers and skin of impurities and of lice.

Uniting Weak Colonies of Bees.

Those having weak colonies of bees should unite them at this season of the year. The populous colonies are the ones that winter the best. A large number of old bees die during the winter in any colony; they are not very long-lived. It takes all the energy of a weak colony to resist the cold, and they cannot keep the nursery warm for raising of baby bees.

It is very desirable to raise them early to take the place of the ones which have died from the infirmities of old age. By uniting two weak colonies in the fall you will have a strong colony for June that will be in condition for storing quite an amount of honey.

The weak colonies will not be worth much in the spring if they survive at all. The weak colony to be united to another weak colony or a stronger one should have its queen killed some days before the time for uniting. After the queen is gone the bees feel less very keenly and are likely to be very kind to the new queen when made acquainted with her.

Then they are more than likely to stay where they are put. When ready to unite them, set the hive containing the queens off its stand, and set the queenless colony beside it. Give the colonies all the smoke they will stand. Put in empty hive on the stand formerly occupied by the colony with the queen. Fill up the empty hive with a frame from one hive, and then a frame from the other. The idea is to mix them up. This makes them less inclined to fight. If you shake off some of the bees from both colonies a little distance from the entrance of the hive they will get pretty well mixed up by the time they get to the hive, and they don't know they are strangers. The queenless bees are very happy to once more find a home with a queen in it, and have little inclination to return to the old stand. A board should be set in front of the entrance, and when the bees fly against it, it makes the strange bees know their new residence.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store

in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,
South San Francisco, Cal.

good news

We have just received a large shipment of the famous Cyrus Noble whiskey.

This brand is the most popular American whiskey in the world.

It is a pure, old honest product.

It is distilled from selected grain.

It is a tonic and stimulant combined.

It is absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. B. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Little pitchers often have big prices.

Pessimists are permitted to keep optimists from becoming pessimists.

Unfortunately for both sexes, no shirt waist trust has been formed as yet.

A philosopher is a man who believes that he receives more spiritual intimations than he needs for his own use.

An Omaha newspaper man remarks that the real ambition of his life has always been to have two good pair of suspenders at one time.

There is a negro down South who claims to be Elijah. Before the thing goes any further wouldn't it be well for him and Dowie to get together and form an Elijah trust?

George Washington was the richest man in the United States when he died, yet his wealth amounted to less than half a million dollars. As J. Pierpont Morgan would say, poor old George!

A Washington scientist has discovered that potatoes contain "soanin," a substance poisonous to the human system. That explains why grandpa dies at the age of 93. He was a great lover of the Irish lemon.

A New York woman has applied for a divorce because her husband spanked her: a Chicago judge has advised a man to spank his wife for the purpose of making her live up to the agreement, and a Denver man has been fined \$200 for spanking his wife because the coffee was full of grounds. Sometimes it is pretty hard to figure out just which way civilization is headed.

Both the military and the naval academy have given renewed evidences that the officials propose to break up the practice of hazing. After the lessons of the past it would seem that any cadet who had wit enough to keep up with his class would also have sense enough to keep out of such scrapes. One who has neither the wit nor the disposition to do so will be of small loss to the service.

The philosophic reader with a sense of humor will be interested in the case of the parachute manufacturer who was accidentally locked into his shop by the janitor the other day. The shop was on the third floor, and there were parachutes on every hand. Nevertheless the manufacturer shouted till he attracted attention, and then waited till the fire department brought a ladder and took him down.

Make what defense we may in the consciousness of pure ideals, it cannot be denied that the money measure, the ideal of material success, has thrust itself into every life and becomes too much the end and justification of all teaching. It is not wealth from material attainment that makes nations live nor brings to them the greatest happiness. It is character. No lesson in the history of nations is plainer than this.

Andrew Carnegie's division of gifts between the country of his birth and that of his adoption suggests how easy it is for a man to move about between two nations which have the same language and institutions. Stanley, the explorer, has divided his life between England and America. The famous Smithsonian Institution in Washington is the gift of an Englishman; several Americans occupy professorships in English colleges.

When five cadets were expelled from West Point for gross and persistent insubordination they invoked public sympathy for their blighted careers, and they have announced that they intend to have Congress restore them over the heads of the authorities. But ten of their comrades have just been dropped for deficiency in their studies, and nobody seems to have begun any agitation in their behalf, yet a failure in studies is a small matter in determining the quality of an officer compared with a failure in the prime military essential of discipline. Grant was not a distinguished scholar at West Point, but he learned how to command by learning how to obey. When a young man has been at the Military Academy for three years without mastering that elementary condition of the military life it is plain that he has mistaken his profession.

Samuel Wood, a rich man, died in New York years ago. In his will he left instructions that a large sum of money was to be set aside for the purpose of establishing a college of music. Heirs for whom he had already provided, or for whom he did not wish to provide, appeared upon the scene and hired lawyers to have the will broken. After a long fight in the courts it has now been found that the money which was to have been used for the purpose of establishing a school of music has all been absorbed in litigation. Mr. Wood died before such men as Dr. Pearsons, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller had shown the wisdom of giving away money according to the judgment and the wishes of the giver. The man who waits to do his giving from the other side of the grave seldom gets along very well with his project. He that has bequests to make to the public should make them himself, because he can always do it more satisfactorily and at less expense than his heirs or the

courts will. It is an encouraging sign of the times that the fashion of keeping it all until after the last minute is going out of style. The Samuel Woods are becoming fewer in this country every day.

One of the many consequences of the Boer war is the growing uneasiness among a considerable number of Englishmen as to the defensive powers of Gibraltar—not of the rock itself, but of the harbor and docks, which, from a naval point of view, are of scarcely less importance. Experience in the Transvaal has proved that it is exceedingly difficult to get the range of heavy but, nevertheless, mobile guns, fired with smokeless powder from an invisible point several miles away. Five or six years ago, under Lord Rosebery's administration, the British admiralty began the construction of a vast system of moles and docks, which has been continued by the present Tory government upon a still larger scale. It is asserted by T. Gibson Bowles and others that all of these works lie within reach of great guns, which might easily be concealed behind the ridges of the low hills skirting the adjacent Spanish territory, and so could be destroyed readily, or, at all events, rendered absolutely useless, in the event of war breaking out. The government, on the other hand, maintains that shooting is a game that two can play at, and that any guns behind the hills would be within the reach of weapons quite as powerful, and would be put out of action in no time. The fact that the new docks are within moderate range of possibly hostile territory does not seem to be disputed.

Mr. Schwab, who is an eminent man because he draws a salary of \$1,000,000 a year, has supplied the college presidents and orators with a commencement topic. Mr. Schwab recently expressed the opinion that the higher institutions of learning were of little or no account because they do not teach young men how to pile up money. Mr. Schwab is one of those eminent persons who think a million is the only thing life is worth living for except some more millions. He looks upon an institution of learning as worthless, no matter how much it may cost, unless it teaches young men how to amass riches, says the Chicago Chronicle. Naturally and properly college presidents and all who appreciate liberal education see things differently. To them a man who thinks it is all of life to get dollars and all of education to teach youth how to get dollars looks sordid, not to say small and contemptible. And they see things more as they are. Money is only one of a number of things in this world that are worth the trouble of getting. Scientific knowledge is worth having. So is a knowledge of history. So is a knowledge of languages. So are a heart and mind full of sympathy and helpfulness. So is broad, all-around development of intellect, taste and morals. So is character. Mr. Schwab may not be aware of it—we cannot expect anyone to be aware of it who never enjoyed and does not appreciate high education and culture—but it is none the less true that the man of broadly and highly educated and developed mind, heart and character is worth vastly more to the world and contributes more to the welfare and happiness of his kind than the man who is merely skilled in amassing dollars. Not every man can get rich. It is not desirable that every man should know how to get rich and exercise his knowledge and skill in that direction. This would not be a very delightful world if all men were of that kind. But everyone can learn something, and the more and the broader his knowledge of all things except evil the better for himself and for all with whom he may come in contact, directly or indirectly. A man may easily be richer than he deserves to be; no man can be too wise or too good. That is to say, no man can be too highly educated in the best sense of the word, and that is very far from being a sordid sense.

Canada's Nickel Production.
Although nickel was not discovered in paying quantity in Canada until 1887, it is said that country now produces 40 per cent of the world's supply of nickel, says the Youth's Companion. The deposits of the metal are in a district near Sudbury, in Ontario, covering an area about 70x40 miles. The ore contains about three per cent of nickel and about an equal quantity of copper, together with considerable iron and sulphur. The nickel and copper are not extracted in Canada, but in the United States. One mine has already reached a depth of 1,000 feet.

Bird Seeks Gaudy Jewels.
A parrot at the Zoo recently annexed and attempted to swallow £100 worth of diamonds. The owner's companion hit the bird so hard that it fell off the perch and dropped the jewels. The keeper expostulated, saying that the cluster was too large to be swallowed. "I don't care," replied the lady, an American. "I reckon that cluster is worth \$500, while that measly bird is dear at 30 cents. I'm not taking any chances, thank you." Many a young lady has been fond of the diamonds, but afraid of the bill.—London Globe.

Amusing the Children.
Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee!
Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—Sure, it's only to amuse th' childer. They wants th' windles covered wid steam, so they can make pictures on thim.—New York Weekly.

The secret of happiness is variety. But variety is exceedingly difficult to obtain.

CHICAGO'S FORTUNE-TELLERS.

They Are Said to Gather in Half a Million Dollars Per Year.

At low estimate Chicago spends nearly half a million dollars every year upon clairvoyants, fortune tellers, palmists, "voodoo doctors," and a long procession of fakers and confidence folk who prey upon the gullibility of the general public. This, simply for fees. To add to this the long train of additional expense to which the victims are put, such as traveling expenses, paraphernalia, investments that fail to pay, and kindred ventures, probably \$2,500,000 would not cover the community cost.

According to the city directory, there are nearly 100 professional clairvoyants in Chicago. At least fifty more than are listed as such practice the "art." There are 100 fortune-tellers, perhaps seventy-five palmists, and an unknown number of kindred folk who live by their wits on these general lines.

A popular and successful clairvoyant, who can locate gold mines for his followers, has a gold mine of his own. He may take in \$250 to \$300 a week. Others much less fortunate may be reasonably content to make both ends meet. In general, figuring fifty-two weeks to the year, Chicago's tribute to these seers may be figured out about as follows:

150 clairvoyants at \$20 a week.....	\$150,000
100 fortune tellers at \$10 a week.....	50,000
90 palmists at \$15 a week.....	75,000
Miscellaneous fakirs.....	150,000
Total.....	\$433,000

This is almost as much as the general public gives to charity, and is only a fraction of the money that in other ways is wasted upon these people who affect to be able to read the future. That they do not and cannot read the future may be proved by the caller over the threshold before he has stepped inside.

When the reporter rang the bell of a West Side house behind whose door—

AN OLDISH MAN—BROWN HAIR—HAZEL EYES.....



A VOODOO WOMAN.

according to an advertisement—was a clairvoyant "ordained to do what she does and whose marvelous achievements are demonstrated in your presence while you look, listen, and wonder," the door opened about four inches, and the face of a stout, commonplace-looking woman peered out as if she was suspicious of a collector or constable, or perhaps somebody who wanted to kill cockroaches.

"Good-morning," said the caller. "I didn't know if you were ready, but I've come over to ask you about it."

"About what?" and the door closed another inch.

"You know," insisted the caller, "about clairvoyancy, trances, and that sort of thing."

"I don't know anything about it," said the voice; "who are you, anyhow?"

"What! You don't even know who I am? I thought you were a clairvoyant—"

But the door had closed with a sudden jar and the caller was outside of it, staring at the porcelain name-plate on the door.

Yet, according to this woman's advertisement, "the greatest mysteries of life will be revealed," business troubles will be unraveled, love affairs will be straightened out and made smooth, your enemies will be named and placated, and life generally will be made merry as a marriage bell. Incidentally, too, she "locates lost and stolen articles, mines," etc.—whatever "etc." may mean in the context. At the same time, by actual proof, she does not know a book agent from a customer until the caller has explained; and then the book agent might lie to her successfully.

Legend of a Spring.
Swimming about in a large marble-lined tank in a small church just outside Constantinople are to be seen a number of fishes, brown on one side and white on the other. These, it is

said, are the descendants of the ones that gave the name "Balukli" (place of fishes) to the church. The legend is as follows: At the time of the invasion of Constantinople by the Turks, a monk was cooking fish near a spring of water, where the little church now stands, when a messenger rode up in haste, announcing "The city is taken!" Discrediting the story, the monk declared that he would sooner believe that the half-cooked fish before him would jump back into the water. As he spoke, the fish, so the story goes, did actually leap from the pan into the spring. Ever since that time the waters have been regarded as curative, and once every year pilgrimages are made to it by sufferers from various ailments.

YANKEE LAD IS A FIGHTER.

Boots, a Waif from America, in the Field with the Boers.

Thomas F. Millard, the war correspondent, tells the New York Sun the following story of Boots, a 12-year-old Yankee, whom he met fighting with the Boers, and who may be still dodging bullets and lyddite shells. Said Mr. Millard:

"His real name is William Young, but in the laagers he is known by the sobriquet of Boots. I think he came by his title honestly enough, for he drags about a huge pair of legging boots many sizes too large, and ornamented with enormous brass spurs. 'Boots is a midget of 12—or at least he gives that as his age, though he doesn't look it by three years.

"Boots was born in the United States. When very young he remembers being taken to England, whence he came to South Africa. His parents are long since dead, and since their death William, having no other relations that he knew of, has rustled for himself.

"When this war began William espoused the cause of the Boers and joined the Irish brigade under Colonel Blake. The men who formed this ad-

MIDDLE AGED MAN—STOUT—NOT EXACTLY HANDSOME.....



A VOODOO WOMAN.

Topic Times

The United Kingdom has colonies and possessions whose area is equal to more than twenty-seven times her own size.

The very latest in Boston is to call a man or woman behind the counter in a store a "salesperson." The new word has already appeared in advertisements.

It is the opinion of experts that the opening of China and Siberia will disclose large deposits of gold and that Asia after a while will furnish a large part of the world's supply.

As a curiosity of the recent German census, it is recorded that the returns showed the village of Reutenbourg contained 444 inhabitants, 222 being of the masculine and 222 of the feminine gender.

Among the ruins of Pompeii have been found chafing dishes of exquisite workmanship, which gives undisputed proof of their use in the city which contained villas of many wealthy Romans.

Attempts are being made in California to acclimate the Chilean palm (Jubaea spectabilis), which has seeds that resemble almonds and are edible. Each tree also yields fifty to sixty quarts of "palm honey."

The owners of automobiles in Ohio constitute a new force in the good roads movement. There is a plan under way for the building of a boulevard from one end of the State to the other, touching the cities and largest towns.

A strong effort is being made by postal officials in New York City to do away with rented boxes. At first the rental was \$4 per year; now it is \$16, and as a consequence the number of such boxes has decreased from 4,000 to 2,100.

Although cooking by electricity is generally conceded to be the ideal method, it has not been adopted to any great extent, chiefly because the appliances have been expensive and not because the current costs too much to compete with coal, oil or gas.

Germany will endeavor to be its own "mold of form and glass of fashion." Berlin will soon see a fashion exhibit by which it is hoped that special fashions for German women will be established. The managing committee will include members of the highest society.

Dr. J. B. Learned, of Northampton, Mass., has offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay setting forth some method for inducing sleep without the use of drugs in cases of insomnia. Representative men of scientific medicine are to be judges of the merit of the essays offered in competition.

Before being ordained a preacher Rev. David E. Miner, of Uniontown, Pa., was a blacksmith. He has since filled several important charges, but his health gave out, and now he has decided to reopen the blacksmith shop which he left years ago and to regain at the forge the health he lost in the pulpit.

An Italian paper describes the results of an expedition sent out by the government to study the mosquito theory of malaria. They went to one of the most malarious regions in the kingdom, but as all wore protective masks only one man out of 104 got malaria, and he, it was discovered, was in the habit of displacing the mask at night in order to smoke.

Quite as remarkable as the wrecking of the Pacific Mail line steamship Rio De Janeiro just at the entrance to San Francisco harbor on Feb. 22 is the total disappearance of the wreck. Divers have explored large areas of the bottom of the sea at the point where the wreck is supposed to have occurred, but not the slightest trace of the ill fated ship has been found.

The brilliant young novelists, with their astounding records of 100,000 or 250,000 copies sold, need not be too confident that they have outstripped their elders even commercially. That stanch old favorite, "East Lynne," has just passed the 500,000 mark for copyright sales, not to speak of pirated editions, and no fewer than four stage versions are extant and popular.

Boston, like New York, suffers from an inordinate waste of water, and the waste is increasing in deplorable proportion to the increase in the population. During 1900 water to the amount of 115½ gallons was used daily for each inhabitant, as compared with 111 gallons in 1899 and 103 in 1898. A reasonable allowance for each inhabitant is eighty gallons daily.

The private letter books of Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, which were lost for several generations, were brought to light in Washington recently, and have been deposited in the Congressional library. Another acquisition by the library is the original manuscript setting forth the various decrees by which the titles were conferred on Columbus by the Pope for the discovery of America.

Northern Indiana farmers are experimenting in the domestication of quail and the results are reported as highly gratifying. Nearly every farmer in that section has from one to three coveys on his farm and is giving them kind and careful attention. During the snow season the birds are fed regularly and on some of the farms they have become so tame that they roost with the barnyard fowls.

President Thwing of the Western Reserve University at Cleveland says in noting a marked decrease in the number of divinity students that two influences produce this result—the larger

inducements which commercial pursuits offer and the unsettling of religious beliefs and doubts as to future relations between church and society. Young men, says Mr. Thwing, are in doubt, whether the church is to be a place of worship or a sort of club.

The name of Sing Sing, so far as the New York village is concerned, is no more, having been changed to Ossining. Manufacturers brought about this change, the impression having gone abroad that all goods turned out in the village were prison-made. The village showed a decrease in the last census of 1,313 in population, though neighboring places showed uniform increase. Sing Sing was incorporated in 1813 and the prison was erected eleven years later. The prison is still within the village boundary lines.

WRITING HISTORICAL NOVELS.

One of the Essentials is a Furniture Catalogue.

Here is an extract from an unpublished historical novel based on Revolutionary times:

The spy, for he was a spy, looked about him with eager eyes. Was he trapped? The room grew misty in the shadows. Night's sable curtains were falling. Had he been seen to enter?

He was quite alone. The smoldering logs were fitfully sputtering on the Louis Quinze hearth. The little flames they sent forth threw patches of light on the colonial table, on the Queen-Anne sideboard, and on the tall Mayflower clock in the duskiest corner. He was quite alone.

"Odds bodkins," he hoarsely murmured, "but it was a close call! Mine would have been a short shrift an' they had caught me. That was a parlor wretch who halted me beyond the village green. I more than half suspect the knave holds me to be other than I am. Peste, but it is an ungodly calling! And now to hide the papers in the place agreed upon."

He lifted a brick from the tessellated hearth and laid a packet beneath it. As he rose to his feet he sighed heavily, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Beshrew me well," he muttered, "if by to-morrow night at this very hour the rebel Washington and all his hireling jays be not in our hands!"

He turned away when a smothered laugh broke upon the stillness. The spy whirled about. The cold perspiration stood upon his brow.

"'Sdeath!" he gasped. "What is it?" The beating of his heart fairly jarred a priceless Lely from the wall. But in a moment he rallied.

"May the foul fiend fly away with my nerves!" he cried. "I'm all unstrung. And now to steal forth." He moved cautiously forward and his fingers closed upon the sixteenth-century door latch. "Ha, ha," he chuckled, "the road is clear!"

"Halt!" cried a terrible voice. The spy crouched down in terror.

Then a most surprising thing happened. The tall old clock in the corner suddenly took on life. It moved forward, its face became a human face, its hands were human hands, its antique case resolved itself into cloak. The spy looked up at the majestic form before him with a shriek of horror.

"Malediction!" he howled. "It is Washington himself!"

He was right. The father of his country straightened his cocked hat as he stared down upon the cowering wretch.

"What ho, within there!" he cried, in his magnificent voice. "Bring lights."

A moment later a Continental sergeant in full uniform entered bearing a Louis XIII. candelabrum.

"Did you ring, general?" he asked.

"Sergt. Mullins," said the general, without heeding the interruption, "take this varlet away. He is a spy and must be dealt with as such. At dawn to-morrow you will bring him forth and shoot him behind the cowshed."

"Pardon me, general," said the gruff old sergeant, "but I think it would be more apt to be fatal if we shot him in the chicken yard."

"Very well," said the general, "shoot him anywhere you please so long as you reach the right spot. Away with him!"

A long sigh exhaled from the general's lips as the door closed behind the spy and his jailer.

"And that man is my mother's second cousin, twice removed—and I have condemned him to an ignoble death," he faintly murmured.

Motor Omnibuses.

A service of motor omnibuses has been established in London. The company responsible for this energetic step is the Southwestern Motor Company, and the vehicles will ply through Bath, Stratham, Tooting and Wandsworth, the most densely populated southwestern suburbs of the metropolis. Locomotion between these points and the city is very inadequate, so that probably the public will appreciate the new means of transit. The preliminary service consists of four cars, which will travel at a maximum speed of twelve miles an hour. If the enterprise is successful other vehicles will be added, but since motor locomotion in London hitherto has been attended with failure, it was decided to carry out the experiment on a small scale. The vehicles are of the covered wagonette type, with accommodation for eight passengers inside and two on the box seat with the driver. The sides are removable, so that in hot weather the car will be quite open. They are handsomely finished in natural wood and run on broad, rubber-tired wheels. The fare is two cents per mile at present, but the enterprise is successful probably the tariff will be reduced.

Put a woman's clothes on a man and give him a baby to take care of and how awkward he would feel.

MOBBED BY HIPPOPOTAMI.

Lionel Declé's Thrilling Adventure in Africa.



Many people in the United States know what it is to face a mob of half-crazed men, but few people have had the experience of standing off a mob of roaring hippopotami. Lionel Declé, who journeyed through the heart of Africa from Cape Colony to Cairo, for five days fought his way down the upper Nile, opposed at every few yards by great, hulking hippopotami who had every disposition to wreck the travelers' frail boat, but whose clumsiness, together with the unceasing vigilance of the explorers, alone prevented the catastrophe. All the long way from Wadelai to Affendi the young explorer and his men battled with their great lumbering foes. Time and again it would seem that their boat was about to be broken into kindling wood by a furious charge of some wounded hippopotamus, but in the nick of time a volley at close range from the crew would bring the beast down or else turn him aside, and the explorer and his party would escape.

TEARS MERELY AN EYE WASH.

The Chemical View of Them Differs from the Poetical View.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, and the lacrimal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill the space or to give expression to emotion.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good, salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid; and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold, the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech implying the lack of balmy tears, that are to the cornea what salve is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some weep more easily than others, and all more readily than the sterner sex, has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibers about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion; their sympathetic nature—that term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is, therefore, protected from shocks. Consequently, a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practice. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears. An ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped as the fact that the lacrimal gland was omitted in his optical makeup.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

They were discussing poets over the dinner table a few evenings ago. "Do you call Edwin Markham a poet?" asked the questioner. "A poet?" replied the answerer. "No. I call him a hoit."

Nellie K. Bliss has a new romance, "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," published by D. Appleton & Co. The author began her literary career as a contributor to magazines. She is the daughter of an English army officer.

The health of Jules Verne is poor, and it is said that the brilliant novelist has been keenly affected by the headlong rush of science, which has put into the realm of actuality dreams that he had never imagined possible to realize.

The interest in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Eleanor," the Harpers say, has been steady from the time of its publication, but recently that interest has been stimulated and become more widespread. The demand for the work has caused several new orders of large amounts.

Mr. Hobson, the lecturer, says that

women's greatest literary achievements have been in the production of novels, and that the popularization of the novel is as much her work as man's. The average novel is better written to-day—and more worth reading than it ever was before.

On Feb. 23, 1902, will be celebrated throughout France the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo. By way of commemorating the event in a fitting manner, Paul Meurice has offered the sum of 20,000 francs to the city of Paris, besides a vast collection of portraits, autographs, engravings, etc., illustrating the life and work and times of the great writer.

H. G. Wells' forecasts as to the future have been remarkably borne out in one instance. The second installment of his "Experiment in Prophecy" appeared in May, and within a week after its publication were issued the census returns giving the totals for the metropolitan boroughs included in the administrative county of London. These returns justify his theory that the limit in the congestion of great cities has been reached and show that the centrifugal movement of the population which Mr. Wells anticipated is already in force. The population is moving away from the centers of business toward the suburban districts.

The list of fiction published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. this season offers a wide range of reading, for instance: Boston appears in a humorous story of the servant girl problem, "The Successors of Mary the First," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; Chicago in a Tolstolian novel by Will Payne called "The Story of Eva," and Paris in Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's "The Turn of the Road." Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Irish Experiences" surveys Ireland; Colonial Virginia appears in Burton E. Stevenson's romantic "Soldier of Virginia," and Europe in Clara Louise Burnham's "Miss Pritchard's Wedding Trip." Alice Brown paints a part of New Hampshire in "King's End," and for the sea there is "Dog Watches at Sea," by Stanton King.

Where Housework is Done by Males.

All the work in Bulawayo, both in the house and out of it, is done by men, either Kafirs, Indian coolies, Zambesi boys, which are a cross between Kafirs and Portuguese. They are very picturesque in their white calico. A long strip is folded around the upper part of the legs, brought up between the knees and folded down in front. Over these they wear a white shirt. They have a decided penchant for stand-up collars and a perfect passion for boots. Boots, however, are not allowed indoors on account of noise. The coast boys are excellent cooks and extremely clean. The Zambesi boys are actuated by the love of money rather than work. For the sake of coins they brave the dangers of the terrible Tssetsa country, infested by flies so poisonous that horses cannot be taken through it, and, leaving their own land, where they have every comfort, plenty to eat and drink and wear, they go down to work for white men in South Africa. The boys demand and get very high wages.

Wise Pirate.

First Pirate—Captain, that ship in the distance is loaded down with foreign noblemen on their way to America.

Captain—Don't meddle with her. We'll lay for her coming back; she'll have more money than—New York Journal.

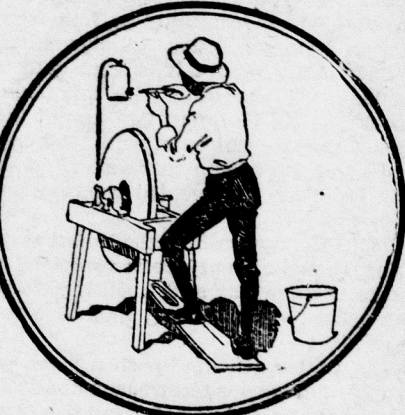
What has become of the old-fashioned woman who talked baby talk to her baby?

Children's Corner

Something About Knives.

All boys have knives in their pockets, but some of them are so dull they are not of much use either to their owners or to their owners' neighbors. A boy without a knife, as I know from experience, is very miserable and in a poor way to get all the enjoyment out of life. Of course, girls do not use knives so much as boys do, but they frequently have to borrow of their brothers or their friends when they want to sharpen pencils or cut their jumping ropes or gather pussy willows. Do not think I would urge selfishness upon my readers, but persons who borrow knives are often very careless with them, losing them or keeping them much longer than they need.

What I want to tell you is the very simple thing of how to keep a pocket-knife sharp. With a little trouble and patience a knife can be sharpened and kept in good order, but it is surprising how few boys know how to do this. In the first place, if the edge of the blade is badly nicked, or if the sides curve out it should be ground on a grindstone until the nicks all disappear. Be sure



PUTTING ON A KEEN EDGE.

to put plenty of water on the stone, so that the heat arising from the friction will not take out the "temper" of the steel. Hold the blade firmly so that the stone will grind from the top of the blade nearly to the edge. When the grinding is done the sides of the blade should curve in. The blade may then be said to be "hollow ground." If the stone is allowed to grind to the edge the blade will become too thin and will "nick" easily.

Now place the blade in a flat position on a whetstone and grind with a circular motion. Treat both sides in this way till a slight fringe appears on the edge. If the knife does not need grinding it can be "whet up" in the same way, with the exception of bearing a little more strongly near the cutting edge when rubbing across the stone. Either water or fine oil may be used on the stone, which should be kept clean. Last of all rub the blade carefully on a strip of piece of soft, smooth leather, which will remove the fine fringe on the edge and will polish the blade. In following these directions you can put an edge on your knife blade that will require you to be careful of your fingers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Kites for Fishing.

Kites have been used with great success as a means to stop partridges rising and flying from cover where it is wished to keep them for shooting—the birds will not rise when kites are flying above them, fearing, doubtless, attack.

And now the kite has been used for fishing.

The credit of discovering the possibilities of air-line fishing is due to Edward Horsman, the great kite expert and manufacturer. The advantage of fishing from a kite is that the fisherman may stand on the shore while his bait is dropped far out at sea; also that timid fish are not scared by seeing fishing rods or boats when an air-line is used. For kite fishing, strong kites are flown, the string carrying a small pulley, through which the fish line runs. One end of the fish line is held by the fisherman on shore; the other, which is weighted, drops from the pulley as the ascent is made, and dips into the sea. At the moment when a fish snaps at the bait and is hooked, the fisherman feels the pull on his line, the kite is quickly hauled in, and the fish is dragged in at the same time. Mr. Horsman has caught many a fine fish in this way.—Pearson's Magazine.

Points for Growing Girls.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is 15 years of age. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising and rise.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Never come to breakfast without a collar.

Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.

Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.

Never fuss or fret, or fidget.—Pittsburg Press.

Snail Helped Its Sick Friend.

The great Darwin, who learned so much about animals and their ways, tells many wonderful stories about

them in the books he has published. In one instance he attempts to show that lower animals have reasoning powers by citing the actions of a couple of snails that were placed in a walled garden. This garden was absolutely devoid of vegetation, and the poor snails began to suffer for want of food. One of them became ill. Then the stronger of the two evidently concluded that something had to be done. It seemed to hold a conversation with its sick companion and hurried away. The persons watching their actions concluded the sick snail had been deserted and left to die. Not so, however. The strong snail laboriously climbed over the wall and found a delightful garden adjoining, full of green leaves and plants. Then it turned back, crawled to its sick friend and "talked" with it again. At last the two started over the wall, and in time were lost in the paradise that had been found.

What the Moon Is.
"I wonder what the moon is made of?" queried little Ethel as she paused to gaze at the large, round orb.

"It ain't made of nothin'," replied her 5-year-old brother. "It's a hole in the sky for God to look through when he wants to see what's going on in town."

As Things Happen.
"This is a topsy-turvy world," said little Johnny Greene. "The way us boys are treated is certainly quite mean. A fellow's hustled off to bed before he's sleepy, see! And he's next morning hustled out while sleepy as can be."

Forgets Where the Place Is.
Small Harry had lost his pencil, and his mother told him he should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

"I do, mamma," replied the little fellow, "but sometimes I forget where the place is."

Tit for Tat.
"Mamma," said four-year-old Margie, "I'm not going to invite you to my wedding when I get married."
"Why not, dear?" asked her mother.
"Because," replied the little miss, "you didn't invite me to yours."

A Good Definition.
Teacher—Can you tell me the meaning of the word "lazy"?
Small Willie—Yes'm. It's what a fellow is who always wants his little sister to do things for him.

DENTIST DROPS THE FORCEPS.

Indianapolis Man Pulls Teeth with Thumb and Finger.

Dr. Charles E. Coughlin of Indianapolis has discarded the forceps in pulling teeth and has adopted the primitive rules of the Chinese by using nothing except his thumb and index finger for the purpose. He believes that the sight of the forceps constitutes the harrowing part of tooth pulling, and that many nervous persons are almost as shocked at the sight of the instrument as they would be if a revolver were presented at their heads. He can take out the most firmly rooted double tooth in a few seconds, and that without causing pain, comparatively speaking.

"It is all done with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand," he said, "and does not require any great strength, for it is not performed by main force."

"In pulling a tooth by hand it is first worked around with a gentle motion, and there is absolutely no violent wrenching or tugging. In a surprising short time the largest and most firmly rooted molar will show evidences of being loosened. The motion is then continued with an increased pressure outward from the pivot of the tooth, as it were, until it seems actually to come out of its own accord. It is brought out with a final circular twist, not more violent than the gentle working which is required to loosen it, and it is all over before the patient realizes that his tooth is being extracted."

"It is ridiculously easy when you have got the hang of it. The tooth always comes out, and my patients testify that it is a comparatively painless process, the movement of the tooth being so gradual as not to produce any shock even to the most nervous person."

"I learned the process from a Chinese practitioner. It has been practiced by the Chinese from time immemorial. Our method seems as crude and as barbarous to them as theirs seems antiquated to us."

"In many cases we are getting too far away from nature with our complicated apparatus and highly scientific way of going at things, and I have found that extracting teeth by hand is not only better for the patient, but also for the practitioner, for a man of sympathy must necessarily feel some of the horrors caused by the forceps in an extremely nervous person, and just to the extent that he is unnerved he is incompetent to perform his duty well."

—New York Sun.

Harl Job.

Carpenter—Well, boy, have you ground all the tools as I told you, while I've been out?

Boy (newly apprenticed)—Yes, master, all but this 'ere 'andsaw. An' I can't quite get the gaps out of it!

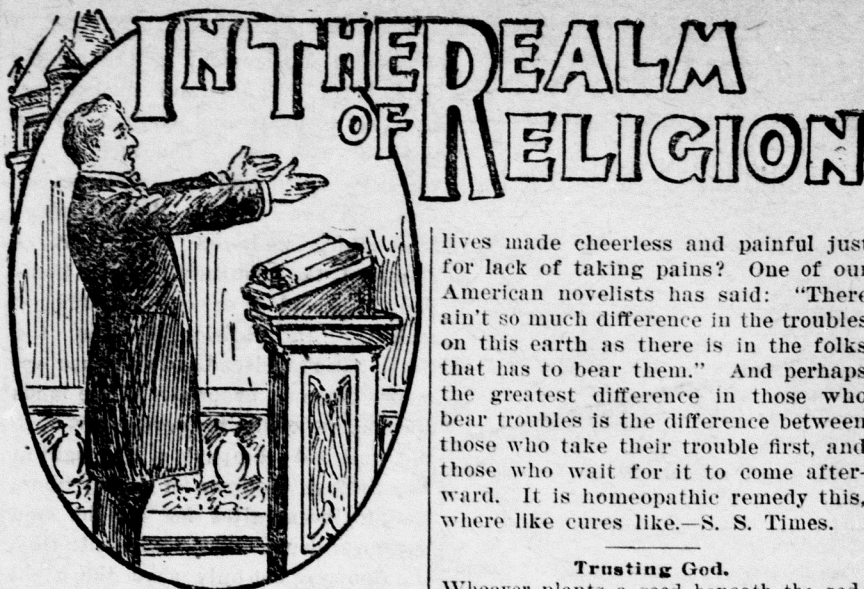
Punch.

The Wonderful Change in Scaddies.

"How it is Scaddies, who used to be so down on war, is anxious to enlist and go to the Philippines right off?"

"I don't know, and what makes it odder is he only got married a couple of months ago, too."—Philadelphia Times.

The pain of parting is experienced by the small boy when his mother attempts to comb his hair.



Look Trouble Squarely in the Face.

"I had plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it."

"But to-day when I began to plow for corn I thought that by-and-by I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied, aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or, better, while we pray, we should look our trouble square in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O, Lord, remove that rock," when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone!

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble, and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.—Rams Horn.

Thoughts on Truth.

God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of the consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition, but they never can be injurious to the rights or well-founded expectations of the human race.—Bishop Watson.

There are three parts in truth: First, the inquiry, which is the working of it; secondly, the knowledge of it, which is the presence of it; and, thirdly, the belief, which is the enjoyment of it.—Bacon.

To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or in His will to maintain His own cause.—Whately.

The pursuit of religious truth is the noblest, as it is the most important pursuit, in which any human being can be engaged.—Whately.

Truth is the conformity of expression to thought. The expression of truth is simplicity.—Seneca.

There is no pleasure comparable to standing on the vantage ground of truth.—Burke.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out.—Tillotson.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves besides.—Cowper.

Truth is truth to the end of reckoning.—Shakespeare.

To Be a Pessimist.

Live in the passive voice; be intent on what you can get rather than on what you can do. Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than what actually is. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character of service of high ends, and you will be a pessimist before you know it.—President Hyde.

Folly of Being Powerless.

If an electric car stands motionless on the tracks, it is nothing against the power of electricity. If an invalid has no appetite and cannot go out of doors at night, it is no argument against things good to eat and the joy of starlit air. If a man does not know a flower by name nor a poem by heart, it is no indictment of the beauty of a rose or the charm of some poem. If we bear the name of Christ, but give no other sign of Him; if we go through the forms of godliness, but live powerless lives, it is a thousand reproaches to us. To be powerless when Christ has all power, and we can have all we want, is an arraignment to which we can make no answer that is not self-incriminating.—Times.

Trouble and Troubles.

Taking trouble is the best way of avoiding troubles. The lack of taking trouble has been the means of making trouble in many lives. Have we not seen most cheerful workmen who take great pains? And have we not often been perplexed and saddened by the

lives made cheerless and painful just for lack of taking pains? One of our American novelists has said: "There ain't so much difference in the troubles on this earth as there is in the folks that has to bear them." And perhaps the greatest difference in those who bear troubles is the difference between those who take their trouble first, and those who wait for it to come afterward. It is homeopathic remedy this, where like cures like.—S. S. Times.

Trusting God.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod, And waits to see it push away the clod, He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky, "Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by," He trusts in God.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow The silent harvest of the future grow, God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in slumber deep, Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "to-morrow," "the unknown," The "future" trusts unto that power alone He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close, And dares to live when life has only woes, God's comfort knows.

"I Don't Practice."

Too many church people are like a minister of my acquaintance, who was accosted by a countryman who had heard him called "doctor," and who supposed he was a physician.

"Doctor, do you practice here or in the city?" asked the countryman.

"I don't practice; I preach," was the clergyman's reply.

Too many of us "don't practice"—we just preach; and a very poor preach it is. The challenge of the world to the Christian is, "Prove your religion," which does not mean "preach" so much as "practice." Practised Christianity refutes skepticism, solves doubt, so-laces sorrow, discovers Christ, creates heaven.—Dr. Vance, in Christian Endeavor World.

Recognize the Sunshine.

No one ought to be censured for feeling what he is. If the day is gloomy, we cannot but recognize the fact; but one-half the world fails to appreciate the sunshine about them. They shut their eyes and call it night.—Presbyterian Journal.

HOW WEALTH IS SCATTERED.

More Widely Distributed in America than in Any Other Country.

Whatever moral injury commercialism may have inflicted upon the community, it has certainly accomplished a decentralization of wealth such as could not have been accomplished by any merely moral reform, however supported. The wealth of the world is no longer represented in unimproved lands; it is represented in mines, factories, ships, railroads, cultivated farms. Wealth is no longer idle; it is busy.

Jesus Christ counseled his followers not to lay up for themselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust corrupt and thieves break through and steal. At that time wealth was largely represented by coins or gems hoarded in earthen vessels and buried in the ground, or in rich dresses hung in cupboards and worn with caution, that they might not tempt the omnivorous and unscrupulous taxgatherers, writes Dr. Lyman Abbott in the Outlook. Moths destroyed the garments, rust consumed the coin; thieves could carry either off. Jesus counseled against hoarding. His counsel is now followed almost universally; hoards are very few in America. He who ties up his gold and hides it in a trunk, or invests it in an extraordinary assortment of clothing, is rightly regarded as a fool. Neither moth nor rust corrupts active wealth, and thieves cannot steal it.

And this busy wealth necessarily renders service to others than its possessor. Commercialism compels the man of wealth so to use his wealth that the world shares it whether he will or no.

We hear much about the concentration of wealth in America. In fact, the process of the centuries has been toward decentralization, not toward centralization, of wealth. Never in the history of the world has wealth been so widely distributed in ownership and never approximately so widely distributed in the benefits it confers, as in Democratic America to-day.

Optimism.

The pessimist laughed a sardonic laugh. "We are wretchedly wealthy as a people!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes!" replied the optimist excitedly. "But the case is not nearly so bad as it would be if everybody who had a chance to buy the present site of Chicago for \$10 and a red blanket had done so."

The pessimist made light of this, but ridicule is ever the weapon of a weak cause.—Detroit Journal.

Three things that never become rusty: The money of the benevolent, the nails in a collector's shoes and a woman's tongue.

THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

Why, certainly, the Filipinos may govern themselves as soon as they are ready for it—but then, they will never be ready.—Mayfield Republican.

Well, it may be true that these people are incapable, but, as we have opened kindergartens in the form of civil government in every pacified district and sent an army of one thousand school teachers among them, it will be their own fault if they do not get ready.

The Postmaster-General has made a ruling which shuts out a lot of advertising band bills and imitation periodicals from the privilege of second-class postal rates. This ruling accomplishes part of the reform Congressman Loud has sought to have enacted into law. The U. S. mails have for years been loaded with advertisements under the guise of newspapers and periodicals sent broadcast over the country at the rate of one cent per pound, entailing a loss of millions of dollars annually to the Government and benefiting no one save the concerns issuing them.

Admiral Schley has decided to ask for a Naval Court of Inquiry. The Hearst newspapers are shouting "don't!" Schley knows his own business and is old enough, big enough and brave enough to get along without a guardian, and it may be taken for granted that Hearst's "don't" will be unheeded.

The majority of the American people have faith in Schley and are proud of his action in Santiago harbor, but the people are tired of the Schley-Sampson controversy and will welcome its permanent settlement through an official investigation.

Col. Henry Watterson is quoted in a press dispatch to the San Francisco Examiner as saying: "William Jennings Bryan can no longer be regarded the leader of the National Democracy, but rather must be considered a political agitator out of tune with fundamental Democratic beliefs."

If Mr. Bryan is out of tune with fundamental Democratic beliefs now, then the Democratic party, including the Examiner, has been in the same discordant condition from 1896 to date. Bryan is consistent in sticking to the Democratic beliefs as formulated by the Democratic National Convention of 1900. Only one brief year ago both Watterson and the Examiner were for Bryan and his beliefs. The next Democratic National Convention may declare for fresh fundamentals and a new leader, but until then Mr. Bryan stands on the official record and speaks with authority.

A STATEMENT OF THE FACTS.

Editor Cunningham of the South San Francisco Enterprise is not worried over the new management of the railroad company, nor does he care how much more the retiring official, Mr. Fillmore, receives in voluntary contributions; but he does think it a shame that his thriving town that pays a quarter of a million dollars to the great corporation annually, should be put off with "only one measly mail train daily." The editor is not blamed for registering a kick, but if the proper steps were taken we think Uncle Sam would lend a hand and see that better mail service was provided. Why not petition the Postoffice Department, Brother Cunningham? The authorities in the postal service are ever ready to grant reasonable requests.—Times, San Mateo.

The Postoffice Department will be asked to remedy matters, all right. As to the result we are not so sure, unless the railroad company is willing to provide adequate service voluntarily. Our reliance is upon the new management in control of the Southern Pacific Company. If it is to be a purely business management we will get good service upon the broad business proposition that we are entitled to it by reason of the important interests here and the great volume of business which this place contributes to the big corporation. Our kick has been registered with the hope of calling the attention

of the new management to the conditions here. The postal authorities know all about it and have known for two years last past. The facts are as we have stated and we will repeat them: There are three large industrial enterprises here. The freight receipts of the Southern Pacific Company at this place are over \$20,000 per month. In addition to this, the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, proprietor of the lands and founder of the town, has given to the railroad company a free right of way through the town for its Bay Shore line, including sites for freight and passenger depot. In addition to this, the company not only gave the right of way to the railroad for its line now running into the town, but, in addition, graded the roadbed ready for the ties and rails. In return the railroad has given next to nothing. The train service is bad and the mail service worse. There is but one mail train and it does not run on Sunday. This mail train is No. 6, southbound, and passes this place at 6:45 a. m. This is the only train by which registered mail can be dispatched. The hour is too early for business purposes. A registered letter or package posted at 6:30 a. m. must lie over until the following morning. In case of such registered mail being destined for the city or points north or east, as is the case with nine-tenths of all registered matter, it must be further delayed by being dispatched in the opposite direction as far as San Jose, and then transferred to a northbound mail train. All mail other than that dispatched by No. 6 south at 6:45 a. m., is carried by the railroad on its baggage cars, and whatever its destination, must go to the San Francisco Postoffice and there be distributed and forwarded anew to its ultimate destination, thus involving delay. These are the plain facts, the mere statement of which should be sufficient to secure a prompt remedy.

THE BIG BLACK BASS.

A fisherman on Lak San Claire 'Bout six mile off from shore, Fished hard for one, two, three, four hour, By an' by he fished some more.

Some time he fished with old dry bait, Some time he fished with wet— He give the dry bait to the fish, The wet bait—nit! you bet!

Long time some fish did never come, Then one, two, three passed by; They smell of that old, dead, dry bait And wink the other eye.

By an' by one great big bass come long, 'Bout five, six, seven pound weight, So old he neither smell nor see, And ate that old, dry bait.

The fisherman stood very still And reeled out yards of line— He worked that poor old blind black bass, So very, very fine.

By an' by the fish began to pull, By an' by he pull some more, And then was fun in Lak San Claire, 'Bout six mile out from shore.

The fish he plunge like one mad horse, And then he pull like ten— He towed that boat nine miles an hour— Big boat and four big men.

He pulled like bass 'bout six feet long, May be he be 'bout seven, May be if not pulled out right quick, He'll grow to be 'bout eleven.

By an' by they pull that bass half out, By an' by they pull him more, And Lak San Claire fell four, five feet, 'Bout six mile off from shore.

The Lime Kiln Crossing get so low The boats they could not pass; And Dan he say the river fell When he pulled out that bass.

Completely Consolated.

In his volume of reminiscences, "The Eccentricities of Genius," Major Pond tells the following story of Clara Louise Kellogg:

"On our arrival at St. Paul, while waiting in the hotel parlors to be assigned to our rooms, William, our piano tuner, came to me, with tears running down his face. He was in deep distress. He must leave us at once and go back to New York. His brother had died. Miss Kellogg, seeing the poor fellow, immediately came to his relief. 'What is it, William?' she asked. 'My brother is dead. I must go home.' 'When did he die?' asked Miss Kellogg. 'I did not get the letter until just now. It has been forwarded from Omaha. He has been buried two weeks.'

"Miss Kellogg tried to persuade him that he could be of no assistance in hurrying home now, that in a short time we would all be back, and he would be better off to remain with the company. Besides, we could not spare him, as there was no one to take his place. He was persistent, being a superstitious young German. Miss Kellogg said at last, 'Now, William, come with me.' She walked out with him to a dry goods store, bought a piece of black crape and tied it on his arm in a very elaborate bow. She made him get a silk hat and have it trimmed with crape. In half an hour William was back among us, decorated in full mourning and completely consolated. The entire company were sympathizing with him. He was almost happy, and the rest of us were satisfied and pleased."

Of Two Evils the Lesser.

Papa—Didn't I tell you, Willie, if I caught you playing with Tommy Jink again I would whip you?

Willie—Yes, sir.

Papa—Then why were you playing with him?

Willie—Well, I got lonesomer than I thought a licken would hurt, so I just went over and played with him; that's why.—Detroit Free Press.

A QUIANT CEMETERY.

WHERE OVER 100 OF THE COUNTRY'S EARLY LEGISLATORS SLEEP.

Burial Sites in Suburbs of Washington That Were Set Apart For the Free Interment of Congressmen Dying Away From Home.

On the eastern outskirts of Washington, where the city, straggling over the commons and vacant squares, halts at the edge of the marshes of the Anacostia river, stands the old Congressional cemetery, with its eight-score cenotaphs, memorials of departed statesmen. Years ago the tide of population surged westward and northward, overrunning the salubrious highlands of those sections and establishing its burial grounds in the new regions. But this little city of the dead was left alone in the deserted quarter, with the jail, the almshouse and the workhouse for neighbors.

In it are 160 cenotaphs to dead congressmen, stretching in monotonous rows through the cemetery, all of them, with two exceptions, of a uniform shape and size, and erected at government expense to the memory of the government's dead representatives. Some of the stones mark the actual burying place of the defunct statesmen, but others, like those commemorative of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, Thaddeus Stevens and others, merely stand in honor of those distinguished names. Since 1876 the practice of erecting cenotaphs, begun in 1796, has been abandoned.

When the cemetery was established in 1808, its projectors thought it would be a successful idea to secure the interment in the new cemetery of congressmen who passed away while serving their country in the then malarial climate of Washington and that it would give this mortuary site distinction above ordinary burying grounds.

So 400 burial sites were set apart for the free interment of congressmen dying away from home, and the place was named the Congressional cemetery. In those days it was impossible to transport a body long distances without great expense and trouble, and the purchasing of burial lots was expensive, so the privilege thus extended was readily accepted. The funerals were conducted with imposing ceremonies, and the departed solons were laid away with pomp and circumstance in the spaces specially allotted and set apart for them.

As methods of transportation improved, however, with the years, and the families of the deceased found opportunity to take the bodies home for interment, the practice fell into disuse, and ultimately a law was enacted providing that a cenotaph should be erected in the cemetery to every congressman who died in the harness, and for a number of years this custom was followed, so that many of the monuments merely stand in memory of the congressmen without actually marking the burial sites.

In 1876 a law was enacted providing that no cenotaph should be erected unless interment was made in the cemetery, and there has not been a burial of a congressman in the plot since that year.

The cenotaphs are plain blocks of masonry, covered with cement to withstand the ravages of the elements. Each is inscribed with the name of the dead man, the state he represented in the house or senate and the date of his death. Some of the inscriptions are now illegible, but the oldest one decipherable is on a cenotaph in memory of Andrew P. Butler, a senator from the state of South Carolina, who died in 1796. As stated, all the cenotaphs are of uniform size and shape, except in two instances. One is a marble monument to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, at one time vice president of the United States and famous in Revolutionary history. It is a pyramid shaped pile of marble about twice the height of the other cenotaphs, surmounted by an urn containing a representation of an undying flame. The other is a monument to George Clinton of New York, also vice president of the United States and active in the war of 1812.

Among the cenotaphs is one to Pushmataha, a Choctaw chief, who, the inscription states, died of croup in the sixtieth year of his age while visiting Washington in 1824. Beneath this inscription is the statement that the red chieftain in his last breath desired the big guns to be fired over him. He had the salute he desired.

It might be economy if the government were content nowadays merely to honor the departed congressmen with a cenotaph, for the 160 memorials probably did not cost as much as half a dozen modern funerals of defunct statesmen. Congressional funerals now are elaborate affairs. There must be a junket with every ceremony. The body is transported to the home of the deceased in a special car, accompanied by one or two Pullmans, containing a more or less sorrowing congressional escort, with a well stocked commissary, of course. There are carriages and flowers and mourning and a display of white sashes quite imposing.

Then some day special services are held in the house and senate, and the family of the deceased is present to hear him eulogized and endowed with more virtues than ever they dreamed in his lifetime that he possessed. The eulogies are afterward printed in memento covered volumes and distributed among the friends and constituents, after which congress, deeming that it has performed its duty, dries its eyes and proceeds again to business.—Washington Letter in Los Angeles Times.

An Indigestible Man.

Kitty—But he is such an indigestible man.

Jaane—Indigestible?

Kitty—Yes; he always disagrees with me.—Detroit Free Press.

A Terrible Talker.

A well known Milwaukee lawyer with a weakness for long stories was a visitor at Madison "once upon a time," as the story books put it.

He saw upon the register of the Park hotel the name of Colonel Gabriel Bouck of Oshkosh and decided that he was in duty bound to call upon that Nestor of the Wisconsin bar, especially as they had both occupied the position of grand master of the grand lodge of Wisconsin Masons.

He called on Mr. Bouck in his room in the hotel and found the Oshkoshian in his shirt sleeves, yawning. He began on Masonry. First he gave his views of the brotherhood, from the building of Solomon's temple "without sound of tool or iron" down to date, and then he started in on the chapter. Finally, startled by an extra yawn, he broke off his story with:

"Well, Gabe, as I have been appointed trustee for the Asylum For the Deaf and Dumb I think I had better go to bed. I have to take an early train for Janesville."

"For land's sake! Is it possible that you are going to learn to talk with your hands too?" came the blunt reply from the old lawyer.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Which of Your Eyes Cries?

It seems a positively absurd question to ask, "Which of your eyes cries?"

In an everyday, common or garden cry it is well known that salt tears make their appearance and rush away down the face seemingly as fast from one as from the other, whichever the "other" may be, but if careful note is made, more especially with emotional people, it will be found that one of the eyes has a special emotional tendency, and often opens the tear valve before its companion has decided upon the unhappy event.

Probably the best method of discovering the emotional eye is to attend a pathetic stage play and when the weeping period comes along look out for tear No. 1.

The writer attended such a piece recently and was somewhat astonished to find that all his grief came from the right eye.

Whether the solution to the problem is to be found in the fact that he was leaning on his right arm must and can only be decided by an expert.

Needed a Chain.

A story is being told about a German who has a hotel far down town. An artist—one of those barroom artists who make pictures on mirrors with soap—called on the German the other day and asked for some work. "Well," the German said, "you might paint a brown bear on my sign. How much would you charge to do it?" "Two dollars," the artist answered. Thereupon the contract was made, and the bear was painted.

At the end of the job the artist said, "Don't you want me to paint a chain on the bear?" "Would you charge extra for that?" said the German. "Yes. That would cost \$1 extra." "Then I can't afford to have it done." The artist departed. That night it rained, and, lo, in the morning the bear had vanished from the sign! The rain had washed it away.

The German sent for the painter at once. "My bear," he said reproachfully, "is gone." The other answered, "Well, I wanted to put a chain on it, didn't I?" The German then handed out \$3. \$2 for the painting of another bear, the third for a chain to make the picture permanent.

The chained bear now remains upon the sign impervious to the weather.—Philadelphia Record.

A Forgotten Genius.

The history of wireless telegraphy would not be complete without some mention of Joseph Henry, America's greatest scientist, for it was he who first, in 1842, discovered the oscillatory character of certain electric discharges and who showed that these oscillations produced disturbances which could by suitable receivers be detected at distances of many rods and through intervening buildings, writes Professor Joseph Ames in The Review of Reviews. He even arranged an apparatus on this principle to respond to the lightning discharges of distant storms. The great genius of Henry was never more apparent than in his investigation of electrical discharges and their oscillatory nature. It is a lasting testimony to the ignorance among Americans of their own great men that the name of Joseph Henry was not included in the first 50 selected for the Hall of Fame of the nation.

Tiger's Make Believe Eyes.

Mr. Beddard of the London Zoological society calls attention to a peculiarity of the ears of tigers which he thinks may be classed under the head of "protective markings." On the back of each ear is a very bright white spot, and when the ears are directed forward these spots are conspicuous from the front. Mr. Beddard suggests that when the tiger is sleeping in the dim light of a cave or thicket the spots on its ears may appear to an enemy, looking in, as the gleam of its watchful eyes, and thus save the sleeper from an unexpected attack.

Useful Cement.

A useful cement for mending earthen or stone jars, stopping leaks in the seams of tin pans or iron kettles or tightening loose joints of iron or wood is made by mixing litharge and glycerin to a thick cream. This will resist acids, heat and cold if the article is not used until the cement has hardened.

It was a quarter of a century before the signing of the American Declaration of Independence that the first theater was opened in New York.

Fortune knocks once at every man's door, but misfortune drops in frequently without knocking.—Chicago News.

TELLTALE PICTURES.

PAINTINGS THAT HAVE DONE THE WORK OF DETECTIVES.

Instances Where the Canvas of an Artist Has Led to the Confession of a Criminal—A Portrait and a Stolen Diamond Pendant.

An artist who had suddenly become almost famous by his production of a painting exhibited at the Royal academy was one day called upon by a man whose visit was productive of the most extraordinary and undreamt of consequences.

The picture represented a lonely stretch of beach, upon which the sea was beating in long, creamy rollers. In the foreground, bending over a dead body, was a man with a wild expression on his face and with a naked knife in his hand. A ship's boat, evidently just beached, was also in the picture, and by the side of the murdered man was a bag of gold. The picture portrayed the advent of two castaways upon a friendly shore. The one had murdered the other so that the treasure might be his.

The painter's visitor was a gray haired, wild eyed man.

"In heaven's name, sir," he gasped out, "how did you learn the dreadful story that you painted? I see you know all. I murdered my mate Bill to get the money that was his. I threw his body into the sea. I don't know what impulse led me to the Academy. The first thing I saw was your picture representing the scene that took place 30 years ago."

Needless to say, the picture had been the outcome of imagination. Yet murder will out, and the guilty conscience of the man who had killed his comrade for lust of gold had convinced him that the painting was no coincidence, but was indeed the actual portrayal of a dastardly and unwitnessed crime.

There is probably no picture better known in England than "The Doctor," by Mr. Luke Fildes, yet there are probably very few people aware of the fact that that selfsame masterpiece was the means of bringing to light the perpetration of a crime that would otherwise never have been known.

A certain doctor in a large town committed suicide, and among his papers was a letter which ran as follows: "I have today seen Luke Fildes' 'Doctor.' The picture represents a medical man watching by the bedside of a child. It has so haunted me that I am going to take away my own worthless life and make a confession at the same time. When Arthur's—his brother's—'boy' died, I came into money that my dead brother had settled on him. He died as all the world thought of acute pneumonia. Yet his life might have been saved had I acted, as Fildes' 'Doctor' is so evidently doing, with the use of all the skill that lay in my power. I hastened the boy's end and so got the money. I can bear it no more."

A well known artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady in exalted circles, who boasted the possession of a most unique jewel in the form of a pendant. The lady was very anxious that this heirloom should be included in her portrait. The artist, of course, complied with her request.

Shortly after the painting had been completed a daring burglary was perpetrated, with the result that the lady lost her heirloom, and no trace of the thief or thieves was forthcoming. Years passed by, and the lady gave up all hope of ever seeing the precious heirloom again.

Now, it so happened that the artist who had painted the portrait of the

lady mentioned had occasion to travel in India.

In the course of his wanderings he came to Bombay and, as every visitor to that place does, strolled through the native bazaar.

Suddenly his attention was riveted by a piece of jewelry in a jeweler's shop that seemed familiar to him. It was a diamond and ruby pendant. Where had he seen it before? He ransacked his brain, but could not remember.

He returned to his hotel and happened to take from his portfolio a sketch of the portrait he had made years ago of the lady with the pendant.

In a moment the enigma was solved. The piece of jewelry he had seen was the peculiar pendant that his fair sitter had been so anxious he should include in his portrait.

He hurried off to the chief of police, and told that worthy what he suspected, namely, that the bazaar he had visited contained the long lost jewel of the English lady. Inquiries were at once set on foot with extraordinary results. The jeweler in the bazaar confessed to having given years ago a quite insignificant sum for the jewel, which he had bought from a stableman in the employ of a neighboring rajah. The stableman was sought for, and turned out to be none other than a famous English crackman, who had apparently turned honest, but who, nevertheless, confessed to having been the thief of the jewel that had been so miraculously discovered.—Pearson's Weekly.

How Banana Trees Grow.

It is a peculiar fact that but one bunch of bananas grows on a tree. After the fruit has been cut the tree is then cut down to the ground, and from the stump another tree sprouts which bears another bunch the following year. The greatest trouble of farmers is to keep the farms clear of sprouts. They shoot up from the roots of the tree for a radius of ten feet and grow like weeds.

As the fruit is cut from the trees it is placed on the backs of little pack donkeys and transported in this way to the coast. One donkey can carry from three to six bunches, according to the size of the bunches and the distance from the coast. In the season at Baracoa there are more than 3,000 donkeys that stretch along in a line for miles, plodding toward the coast with their loads of bananas.

Don't Dine Alone.

How many people dine alone? The restaurants all number solitary diners among their regular clientele. How many thousands of people, men or women, will eat a lone dinner or supper tonight in the cities and towns and hamlets of Christendom? The evil of eating alone is the subject of an earnest although cheerful warning from the London Lancet. The hygienic value of gregarious dining is insisted upon. The necessity of taking food in social fashion is an inherent racial sort of thing, and those who go against it for years usually have to pay for it with some of the ills of indigestion. Breakfasting alone is not bad for a busy generation, but dining alone is not a habit to be long continued, in civilization or out of it, without disastrous results.

The Bill All Right.

"My dear sir, it strikes me that this is a pretty round bill."

"Yes, I have sent it around often enough to make it appear so, and now I hope to get it squared."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,
PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,
AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.
House Broker,
Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS.

Trade at home.
Pay the printer.
Get you a home.
Look out for fire!
Save your premises.
Sign the fire petition.
Advertise your business.
Send us the news and we'll print it.
Herman Gaerdes is off on a vacation for a few weeks.

J. L. Wood is building a new barn for George Kneese.

Mrs. J. T. Berry is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. E. Sullivan.

Mrs. R. K. Patchell is visiting the Patchell ranch at Morgan Hill.

There is an advertised letter at the San Mateo Postoffice for Paul Rohr.

Miss Fox of Hanford is paying a visit to Mrs. E. J. Du Bois at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Snyder have returned from a vacation spent down south.

Judge Buck is improving rapidly and will soon be able to be about again.

Charley Coombes has returned home after a two-weeks' vacation spent with relatives in Alameda.

George David has rented one of the Hansbrough Block flats as a home for himself and his mother.

Prof. H. R. Painton, formerly principal of the Pescadero School, has accepted the principalship of the school at this place.

Joe Williams, who was recently sentenced to five years for tapping a till in San Francisco, was formerly employed here. He is a half-breed Indian of the Cherokee tribe, very dark, and has lost one eye.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building.

The body of Richard Schaeffer who committed suicide at the Sierra Point House on the 15th inst. was taken charge of and buried by some German friends of the deceased, who had known Schaeffer in his better days.

The San Mateo County Building and Loan Association is a local company. It is safe and sound. If you want money to build a home you can get it of this reliable home company on the definite term plan of from five to twelve years and deal with people you know.

Own your own home. Stop paying rent. A magnificent five-room cottage, with bath, free from dampness; high, modern and sunny; sideboard; on most desirable part of Grand avenue. Inquire at Postoffice. Your own terms.

On Sunday two boys playing in the field near Mr. Palanay's found a clock lying on the grass where it had been dropped by some one. Subsequent investigation proved it to be the school house clock, doubtless taken by the person or persons who recently broke into the school building.

Mr. Zell Rollins has completed his new dwelling house on Commercial avenue and has moved in. This is the second dwelling Mr. Rollins has built in this town within the past year. The first building having been sold by this energetic citizen he at once began to build the second. It is men like Mr. Rollins who build up a town.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Through an interview with O. A. Tabor, superintendent of the operations now progressing so favorably on the Fountain Oil Co. property on the Tunitas, we learn that the well being drilled at present is down about 360 feet, with 11 5-8 casing all the way. This is a most excellent showing for ground that has heretofore proved so treacherous. Two shifts keep the drill falling day and night. Mr. Tabor states that the indications for oil in paying quantities are very good. There is plenty of gas and other conditions that point to abundant oil at a greater depth. The formations are also very favorable. The quality of the oil is the best to be found in the state, and is of more than seven times the value of the Kern county oil. It is of high gravity, and while not exactly of a paraffine base, can be made a splendid illuminating oil. A well that will produce ten barrels per day here is equal in value to a seventy barrel well in the Kern districts. Mr. Tabor has the reputation of being a thoroughly competent oil man, and on this account his opinion is to be valued.—Peninsula Pennant.

BURLINGAME CLUB'S ARTESIAN WELL.

For the past six weeks Shrewsbury & Smith, with their big Austin driller, have been doing good work boring an artesian well for the Burlingame Polo Club. They are already down 240 feet, having passed the solid rock, and are now in gravel, through which they intend to bore about fifty feet further. Water is abundant, the well having a flow of 44,000 gallons every twenty-four hours, which rises eight feet above the surface. The water thus obtained is to be utilized principally on the polo grounds in keeping them green at all times. The supply is some 15,000 gallons a day more than is at present required, but they want more, and when the boring is complete their desires will be amply supplied.—Times, San Mateo.

ELECTRIC LINE IMPROVEMENTS.

G. H. Whitfield, the new Superintendent of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric road, intends to improve the service. He prepared a schedule that took effect Monday.

On the main line running between the ferries and Thirtieth street the cars will be operated every six minutes. Every second car will run through to Holy Cross Cemetery, giving the settlements between Thirtieth street and Baden a twelve-minute service. Formerly every third car ran to Holy Cross. On Sundays all cars on the main line will be operated through to Holy Cross every six minutes. Nineteen new palace cars will be put in operation in about three weeks. They will have upholstered seats arranged like those in steam railroad coaches.—Times, San Mateo.

FOR SALE.

Four cows, three heifers, one small calf, two dozen chickens, one dozen ducks, two dozen pigeons, one horse, with cart and harness, a milk route and milk utensils. Lease of land, the land partly in hay, potatoes and pasture. For prices and terms inquire of Mrs. Annie Coll.

FOR RENT.

House of five rooms with a large barn, large chicken house, and all fenced, with water. Will rent land with premises if desired. Very good for chicken ranch. Inquire of John Mangini, 16-Mile House, near Millbrae.

CHURCH NOTICE.

There will be services at Grace Mission every Sunday a. m. and not in the evening for the summer months.

TO LET.

New house, modern improvements, two flats. Lower floor flat, \$10; upper flat, \$12 per month. Inquire at Postoffice.

FOR SALE.

Lot 38, in block 133, on Armour avenue. Size of lot 25x140 feet. Cheap for cash, or installment payments. Apply to E. E. Cunningham at P. O. Building.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

The Gum Gatherers.

Picking spruce gum and selling it to chewing gum manufacturers is a source of income for a great many men in the Adirondacks and other northern forests—guides and small farmers—while others make it a business the year through. The gum appears on the tree trunks like drops of wax. The gatherer, armed with a long pole on the end of which are fastened a can and a sharp chisel cuts loose the chunks of gum, which fall into the can and are transferred to a basket or bag. The gatherers in winter will travel on snowshoes 10 or 15 miles through the forest, sleeping at night in some old hunter's deserted shack.

There are three kinds of spruce in the Adirondacks—red, black and white. The best gum is gathered from the sapwood of the white spruce. The rarest of the gums is the "blister," which is translucent and turns blue after being chewed. After being scraped, washed and brightened it sells for \$1.50 a pound. There is a coarser grade, composed of blister scrapings mixed with particles of bark. Placed on trays of cotton cloth in a steam tank, the gum is drawn out and yields the producer 50 cents a pound, forming the ordinary chewing gum of commerce. Some manufacturers adulterate the gum with paraffin, resin and chicle.—Country Gentleman.

Information Desired.

The rural postoffice is the bureau of general information no less so in Georgia than in Vermont, and the Atlanta Constitution reports a conversation precipitated by an old dorky who approached the village postmaster and said:

"Any letters fer me?"

"No."

"Any postal cards?"

"No."

"Is my paper come?"

"No."

"Got any almanacs?"

"No."

"Well, does you know anybody what wants to buy a live alligator?"

GRATIFIED AMBITION

ODD USES TO WHICH SUDDEN RICHES ARE SOMETIMES PUT.

Why the Beggar's Bridge That Spans the River Esk Was Built—An Englishman Who Indulged in a Wild Orgy of New Shoes.

People who after years of grinding poverty suddenly come into great wealth sometimes put their new fortunes to peculiar uses. Certainly they should be allowed to do so without harsh criticism, for the strange things done by the newly rich are done to realize a dream which has cheered the heart when the days were full of trouble and help to lighten the great load of poverty.

What poor man has not found a cheap and certain comfort in the midst of afflictions by imagining what he "would do if he were rich?" When wealth comes suddenly and unexpectedly and the dreamer sets out to realize his dream, people say, "How eccentric!" Eccentric it may be, but it is the gratified ambition of a lifetime.

A while ago an Englishman, who all his life had never been able to keep his feet shod properly, suddenly came into a large fortune. The first thing he did was to give an order for shoes to several shoemakers, so arranging it that he could put on a new pair of shoes every day in the year. How often had he said to himself in his years of poverty, when his toes were sticking out of his shoes or the water coming into them, "Oh, if I ever get any money I won't I just blow myself on shoes!" The opportunity came, and the first thing he did was to indulge in an orgy of new shoes.

A miner who came into an unexpected fortune gave a great feast to his old workmates. Often when the miners were eating the contents of their dinner pails down in the dim galleries of the mine he had thought of what a feast he would like to see spread there for himself and his fellow workmen. So when he came into his fortune he had one of the galleries of the mine lighted and decorated and a great and costly feast served there to the miners, at which he presided.

Another man who suddenly became rich bought all his particular friends a complete outfit of clothing, even going so far as to furnish each of them with a gold watch and chain. Then he invited them to a famous feast, at which all sorts of expensive luxuries were served. When the guests reached their homes, each found an envelope with \$50 in it and a note saying that the money was to pay for a short vacation. This generous man unfortunately died in want and misery not long after receiving his windfall.

A rather romantic way of spending money was that adopted by the builder of the Beggar's bridge, which spans the river Esk. When poor, he had the greatest difficulty in meeting his sweet-heart, who lived on the opposite bank of the river, owing to the Esk often being swollen and so impassable, even to a good swimmer. The advent lover, when distraught one day, registered a vow that if ever he became rich he would take good care that no Eskdale lover should ever suffer again in the manner he suffered. He became rich and fulfilled his vow by the erection of the Beggar's bridge.

But there are persons, too, who instead of dreaming in their poverty of giving pleasure to their fellows meditate mischief and when they acquire sudden wealth proceed to their revenge. Not long ago a London charwoman found herself possessed of a large fortune. She immediately bought several fine turnouts and spent most of her time for a few weeks in driving slowly by the houses of her former employers to "show off." Against one woman who had employed her she had an especial grievance, so she bought the house the hated one lived in and raised the rent.

A Birmingham man who received a small legacy invited every tramp he could find in the city to meet him at a certain public house. The tramps came in large numbers and had a hearty meal, after which they were served with pipes and tobacco. They had plenty to drink, and music and songs followed, as did also police court proceedings, owing to a free fight which ended the remarkable entertainment.—London Chronicle.

Fields of Salt.

At Salton, in southern California, exists a basin of land between 200 and 200 feet below sea level. About 1,000 acres of the depressed area are covered with a deposit of salt, which C. F. Holden describes in The Scientific American as one of the sights of California. The salt is first thrown into ridges by a peculiarly shaped plow, drawn by a dummy engine with cables, and then is piled into conical heaps before being carried to the drying house and crushing mill. The expense looks like a field of snow. About 2,000 tons of salt are removed each year, but the supply is perennially renewed by the deposits of salt springs which flow into the basin. In June the temperature of the air reaches 150 degrees, and only Indian workmen can withstand the heat and glare.

Pursuing an Elephant.

Any one who has once followed a traveling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or a short siesta perhaps once every three days. Anything more exasperating than following very fresh spoor at a dog trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was 40 miles from camp, with no food or water, and that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile, to ten, it would be difficult to imagine.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wholesale Bathing.

As regards facilities for bathing, which every Filipino demands, there is the open bay, with its miles of clean salt water, ready at any time of the day or year for a free bath. The genuine Filipino is half amphibious, loving the water and swimming like a fish. An example of this may be seen in the large tobacco factories of Binondo, with their 10,000 employees. When the day's labor is done, the thinly dressed workmen, men, women and children, speed laughingly to the bay, plunge into the waiting waves and come out clean, cool and refreshed.—Ledge Monthly.

Was It a Compliment?

It was at the end of her first week in the new school, she having been transferred from down town, that the teacher asked little Wilhelmna how she liked the new school. The little one's face brightened up as she answered: "Oh, I like it first rate, and I like you too."

"That's very nice; but why do you like me?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, you see," said the little pupil, "I always did like a bossy teacher."

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Being offered freely and prices are lower.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are as follows (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Steers, 8c; 2d quality, 7 1/2c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6 1/2c; thin Cows, 5 1/2c.

HOGS—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under 6 1/2c; 250 to 300 lbs, 5 1/2c; 300 to 350 lbs, 5 1/2c; rough heavy hogs, 4 1/2c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4 1/2c; ewes, 3 1/2c; 3 1/2c; Suckling Lambs, \$2.50 per head; or 4 1/2c per lb live wt.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive gross weight, 5 1/2c; over 250 lbs, 4 1/2c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 6 1/2c; second quality, 6 1/2c; first quality cows and heifers, 6 1/2c; second quality, 5 1/2c; third quality, 5 1/2c.

VEAL—Large, 7 1/2c; small, good, 9c; common, 8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7 1/2c; Ewes, 6 1/2c; 7 1/2c; Suckling Lambs, 8 1/2c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9 1/2c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 14c; picnic hams, 10 1/2c; Atlanta ham, 10 1/2c; New York, shoulder, 10 1/2c.

MUTTON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 16c; light S. C. bacon, 15c; med. bacon, clear, 12c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 12 1/2c; clear light, 13c; clear, 13 1/2c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, \$11.00; do, hf-bbl, \$5.75; Family Beef, bbl, \$10.50; hf-bbl, \$5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, \$10.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 11c; do, light, 10 1/2c; do, Bellies, 11 1/2c; Extra Clear, bbls., \$22.50; hf-bbls., \$11.50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls., \$1.75; do, kits, \$1.25.

LARD—Prices are as follows:

Tes. 1/2-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s. Compound 7 1/2 7 1/2 7 1/2 7 1/2 8 1/2 8 1/2 Cal. pure 10 1/2 10 1/2 10 1/2 10 1/2 11 1/2 11 1/2 In 3-bbls the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-bbl tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2.40; 1s, \$1.30; Roast Beef, 2s, \$2.40; 1s, \$1.30.

TERMS—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

Save Your Money

—By Going to—

Ward, Sweeney & Co.

(Formerly with Kavanagh & Co.)

Wholesale and Retail

GROCERS,

309 and 311 THIRD STREET,

Telephone—Red 172. San Francisco.

Orders delivered to Alameda, Marin and San Mateo Counties Free of Charge.

San Mateo County

Building and Loan Association.

Assets, \$175,000.00.

Monthly Payments \$14.15 per \$1000

No advance premium charged. Book value of shares allowed in payment of loans, and re-payment accepted at any time.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary, Redwood City.

The Real Thing.

A Genuine Wayside Inn.

Admirably situated in a beautiful grove on the old San Bruno Bay Road, the finest driveway out of San Francisco.

Where you will find the choicest refreshments, both solid and liquid, the San Francisco market affords.

Where comfort and good cheer are dispensed with a cordial hospitality.

Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.

W. R. MARK, Proprietor.

Walter F. Bailey

Painting and Decorating

In all its Branches.

104 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

Leave orders at Office in Merriam Block. P. O. Box 75.

H. E. Plymire, M. D. SURGEON, W. M. CO.

OFFICE HOURS—1 to 4, and 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, San Mateo County, Cal.

Residence, Martin Brick Block, Grand avenue.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS: and: SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

P. L. KAUFFMANN, Prop.

GRAND AVE., South San Francisco.

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MADAME MOULUCON, Proprietress.

Ordinary Washing at Moderate Rates.

Special Attention given to Flannels and Blankets, Silks, Satins, Lace Curtains and Laces.

Modern Machinery and Latest Appliances for doing FINE WORK.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Leave Orders at Laundry, Grand Avenue, near Post Office.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA,

SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. CRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

A JAPANESE LULLABY.

The Slumber Lady, so pale and sweet,
Comes over the waters with dancing feet;
The Slumber Lady is young and fair,
And has white lilies twined in her pretty
black hair;
This Slumber Lady so frail and fleet,
Has sun-gold shoes on her little feet.

The Slumber Lady with dreamy eyes,
Floats up from the Sunset House in the
skies,
And throws little diamonds, so sharp and
so bright,
Into little tired eyes, to shut them up
tight;
Then away to her home in the white
moon she flies,
This Slumber Lady with dreamy eyes.

The Slumber Lady comes soft and low,
A lullaby where the green waters flow,
She teases the birdlings, then sings them
to sleep
In their cozy grass nests where the
rushes weep,
This Slumber Lady with voice so low,
That laughs with the waters as they
flow.

The Slumber Lady is pale and sad,
For her heart grieves much for her little
lad;
The little lad, with the wondering eyes,
Who sleeps so still 'neath the mourning
skies.
The Slumber Lady is white and sad,
For never will come back her little lad.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

At the Cannon's Mouth.

MAJ. ARTHUR FITZGERALD
Lacelles sat near to a corner of
the dungeon and watched the
tarantulas. Close by the Major, with
his chin resting on drawn-up knees, sat
Color Sergt. John Halliwell.

The dungeon was subterranean to
the extent of ten feet. The massive
walls were moid with damp and un-
wholesome air. At intervals the moist-
ure swelled into huge drops and
splashed upon the green floor. Some-
times a drop fell upon a spider and



"MAJOR, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU."

made him shiver; but the tarantulas
never moved, only just waited, waited.
Half an hour in this dungeon would
have cowed a savage dog. Yet into it
man had thrown his brother man. To
whom did it belong? To the rajah of
Bihloor, better known as Nana Sahib
of execrable memory.

Color Sergt. John Halliwell, like most
of his kind, loved his life. He knew he
was about to lose it; that made him
grave. He also loved a woman. The
loss of the one implied the loss of the
other; this made him sad.

Presently he looked toward his com-
panion, and seemed about to speak.
Then, thinking better of it, became once
more lost in meditation. Why, he asked
himself, should he make the con-
fession? Probably he would be harshly
rebuked for his temerity. But then,
at such an hour a man yearns to open
his heart to a fellow.

"Major," he began—peril had bred in-
timacy between the superior and his
subordinate—"Major, I have something
to tell you."

The Major's knitted brows relaxed.
"If I did not believe, sir, that I have
fought my last battle, my secret should
have remained unrevealed. It is just
possible that one of us may see the
light again. If that one should be
yourself, sir, will you deliver a message
from me?"

"Why, certainly, Halliwell. What is
it?"

"A message, sir, to your daughter,
Constance, whom heaven preserve from
this land gone mad! I love her! You
look angry. I cannot help it. She is
the angel of my life."

"Confound it, sir! But I am angry,
and very angry, too! The devil! You
look high, my friend!"

"Let it not disturb you, sir. Life
might have given her to me—I believe
it would have done so, for, had I not
been so miserably caught I would have
won promotion at this time, when honor
and glory lie within the grasp of every
brave man. And, speaking with all re-
spect, my lineage will bear comparison
with yours."

"But now—well, Dundoo Pant's word
is sterner than yours, Major. Only I
would ask it, sir, should you elude the
clutches of this infamous villain, this
Nana Sahib, to tell Constance that one
man met his end unflinchingly, think-
ing of her bonny eyes and heaven re-
flected therein."

Maj. Lacelles grew sullen and irri-
table, though he controlled his feel-
ings. The color sergeant continued to
sit motionless. Thus for an hour both
maintained an almost intolerable si-
lence until a key grated harshly, and
the door of the dungeon was flung open.
Half a dozen sepoy entered, and the
two Englishmen were led forth.

Hundreds of tiny eyes followed their
egress. The tarantulas, it seemed,
were doomed to disappointment.

Down a flight of stone steps, through
a subterranean passage reeking with
damp, up again into a dryer atmos-
phere, through more corridors tortuous
and innumerable, all forming part of
the great palace of the rajah of Bih-

toor, were the prisoners led by their
dusky guard.

All this abruptly terminated. Dark-
ness gave place to light, squalor to
splendor, misery to magnificence. They
were confronted by the rajah himself
in one of his state apartments.

The rajah's eyes filled with an evil
fire as he glared upon the men who had
once esteemed themselves his friends,
for they, in company with others, had
not infrequently shared his hospitality.

His prisoners regarded him with
proud indifference. He smiled, and
pointed a bejeweled finger through a
window. The men's eyes followed the
direction of the gesture.

Cawnpore lay stretched out before—
hundreds of bamboo and mud huts in-
terspersed indiscriminately with public
buildings of a more substantial struc-
ture. The broad river appeared as a
streak of silver; the minarets flashed in
the golden sunlight.

"Down—look down." It was the
rajah who spoke.

They obeyed, and this is what they
saw:

A long court of extreme narrowness,
bounded on either side by edifices ap-
parently consisting of the quarters al-
lotted to the prince's retainers. At the
rear of this court, and almost against
the palace wall, a square, thick iron
shield had been erected. At the oppo-
site end, some fifty or seventy-five
yards distant, a cannon stood mounted
upon a stone carriage.

Maj. Lacelles shrugged his shoulders.
"Of course, you see the devil's game,
Halliwell," he whispered. "It seems we
shall have to run a race."

Softly though the words were uttered,
the rajah's attentive ear did not
miss them.

"A race—that is it," he said, his voice
trembling with half-suppressed excite-
ment. "A race for life. See, I am mer-
ciful. If you leap the gun before the
fuse burns to the touchhole you shall
dine with me to-night and go where
you will in the sunshine. You first;
the other remains—to observe."

At a glance from the rajah's eyes
Maj. Lacelles was seized, but the offi-
cer, by a powerful effort, wrenched
himself free and faced upon his cap-
tors with a look rendered more terrible
by its anger. While they hesitated, the
Major turned to his companion with
extended hand.

"Halliwell, you have my word. If I
escape I will deliver your message. God
bless my darling girl!"

"Thank you, Major. Heaven help
you. Good-by. And run hard—hard!
One never knows, you know."

The next instant the Major had gone.
In a few minutes he appeared in the
court and took his station in front of
the iron shield, facing the gun. Two
sepoys held him by the arms, awaiting
the signal.

"He will never do it," groaned the
color sergeant, inwardly. "He's too
fat. O, devils—incarnate devils!"

Suddenly the man at the gun raised
his hand and touched off the fuse. At
the same instant the Major was pushed
forward. He bounded with great swift-
ness down the passage, so narrow that
he had scarcely room to swing his
arms. In a trice he had covered a quar-
ter of the ground—a half—three-quar-
ters. Then Halliwell cried, "Good God!"
for a jet of red flame burst from the
cannon's mouth.

A man's body cannot check a charge
of grape shot. The watchers at the
window heard the patter of a ghastly
rain upon the stones.

Halliwell turned his face to the prince
to show him that a soldier can look



HE CLEARED THE GUN WITH ONE SUPERB BOUND

upon a soldier's death and not flinch.
The Nana's dusky skin had paled a lit-
tle. He took some grapes from a dish
and ate them slowly. Then he turned
to one of his retainers.

"This one is thin. Think you he will
run faster?"

"Your highness will have the better
sport."

Halliwell was led from the apart-
ment. A face swam before his eyes,
the face of a woman, into whose heart
a great sorrow would shortly come, a
woman left fatherless. The vision lent
him strength, gave him courage to his
sinking heart and vigor to his limbs,
which privation and imprisonment had
weakened.

Then he realized that he was facing
the grim muzzle of the cannon. Never
runner toed the mark in so dreadful a
race. He saw the gunner attending to
his piece, watched him brush away the
priming and carefully reload.

Suddenly he received a violent push
and knew that the fearful sprint had
commenced.

Have you ever, in the grip of night-
mare, run from one who follows fast?
You strive to fly, but your feet cling to
the ground, and you only crawl.

So it was with John Halliwell. The
stone flags seemed glued to his limbs;
in reality he scarcely touched them at
all. Every nerve and muscle of the
man were engaged in the frightful
struggle.

The gunner, who stood by his piece,
recoiled with amazement from the face
of the Englishman, who, rushing down
upon him, cleared the gun with one su-
perb bound, even as the leaden death
roared out.

The color sergeant waited not to test
the verity of the rajah's word, and the
invitation to dinner failed to tempt him
just then. He continued his rapid course
through the maze of mud huts and co-
coa palms, over the baked plains, and
finally plunged into the river, which
bore him, half swimming, half floating,
upon its deep and even current.

Two years afterward Lieut. John
Halliwell won a prize even more dear
to him.—Utica Globe.

LUCK'S PART IN A REUNION.

Separated by Failure to Find Gold—
United by Success in Finding It.

After a parting of forty-five years, a
father and son were united in Sausalito,
Cal., recently, under peculiar circum-
stances.

In 1856, J. S. Bellrude, a local justice
of the peace, left his home in the State
of Wisconsin to visit California in a
search of gold. Behind him he left a
young wife and an infant child, and he
worked his way in the California wil-
derness with the thought ever before
him of making a rich strike and re-
turning to his little family with the
wealth that would forever make them
comfortable. But luck conspired
against him, and while success after
success crowned the efforts of the men
delving in the hills about him, his own
little claim produced a heritage of
debts. Ten years passed, and Bellrude
learned that his wife was dead. The
son was living in comfort with his
mother's people, and the discouraged
man, feeling that all was well with the
boy, allowed him to drop from sight,
and his very existence became uncer-
tain with the father. Thirty years ago
the father mailed his picture to the son,
and since that time the latter has al-
ways tried to keep trace of the former's
whereabouts.

A year ago the son, who had become
46 years years of age, left his home,
and, emulating his father's example of
years before, struck out into the frozen
regions of Nome to search for gold.
Luck, which had never come to the
father, showered its favors on the son,
and the latter located a number of
good claims, which, he says, will make
him a wealthy man. A short time ago
he returned to Seattle, from which
place he located his aged father in Sau-
salito. He at once went back to that
town, and almost the first man he met
was Bellrude, Sr. The latter was sit-
ting on the front seat of the back which
he drives when the calls of justice are
not pressing, and he was at once ac-
cused by the son. The latter held the
picture sent him by his father thirty
years ago in his hand, and carefully
sized up the old man.

"Are you J. S. Bellrude?" the young
man asked.

"Yep," answered the justice.

"Well, do you know me?" asked the
stranger.

"No. I don't know you, young man,
and you can't tell me anything, either,"
responded the Judge, who has not spent
ten years on the Sausalito water-front
for nothing.

"Well, my name is C. M. Bellrude,
and I guess you are my father," said
the stranger. "Here is the picture you
sent me thirty years ago in Wyoming."

The father recognized the likeness
and then recognized his son. The pair
walked home arm in arm, and the fat-
tered calf was eaten in the Judge's fur-
nished rooms that night. The son in-
tends to put his father on an independ-
ent footing.

Alabama's Four-Legged Baby.
Physicians in Alabama are taking
much interest in the case of the four-
legged child to whom Mary Maddox, a
negress, gave birth at Opelika. The
baby is a well-developed male child.

One pair of legs are in the ordinary
position, and, like the arms, are well
formed. The extra pair of legs are
near the arms, and while quite well
formed, are small. The feet on the ex-
tra legs are regularly formed, with toes
and toenails, but have the appearance
of belonging to a sickly child. The
child is robust and healthy, with all the
faculties of an ordinary child.

The child has been examined by lead-
ing physicians of the State and pro-
nounced healthy in everything except
the extra pair of limbs. He has good
use of his regular limbs, but seems un-
able to control the others. The physi-
cians, after a careful examination, said
that if the child lives, which seems alto-
gether probable at this time, he will
eventually get control of them, as there
are about the same muscles and ligaments
in them that are found in a cub
bear of the same age.

Dr. Williamson, a strong believer in
the Darwinian theory, declares that the
case is simply a retrogression of man-
kind—a step backward—and that the
child demonstrates that the human race
came from the monkey family.

Trying to Get It All.

"Russell Sage says it is better to start
in life with 10 cents and Providence
than with \$1,000,000."

"Well, we will have to give Uncle
Russ credit for one thing."

"What?"

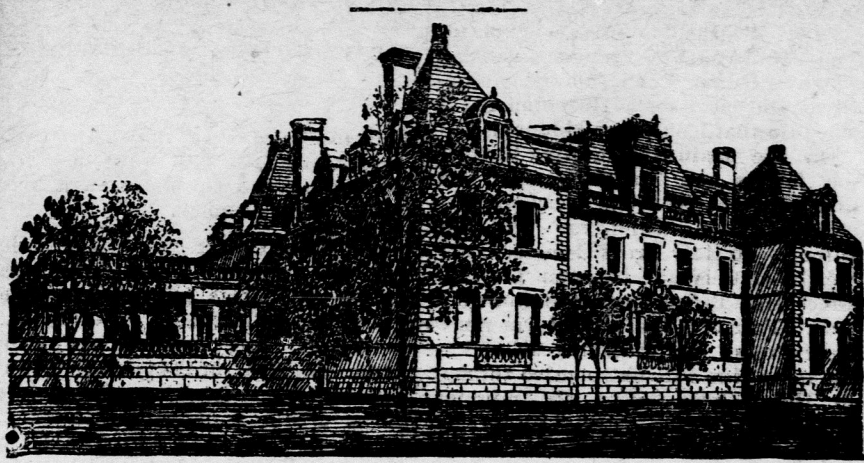
"He is trying to make it necessary
for everybody else to begin life in the
way that he considers best."

The early cucumber joke may be
laughable, but when it comes to dou-
bling a man up it isn't in it with the
real thing.

Too many people in this miserable
world are never happy unless they are
bubbling over with unhappiness.

Even sickness is well when it ends
well.

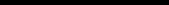
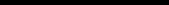
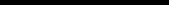
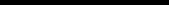
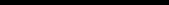
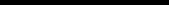
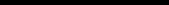
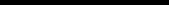
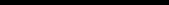
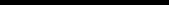
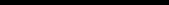
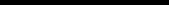
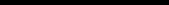
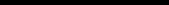
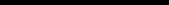
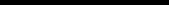
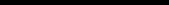
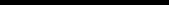
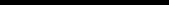
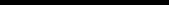
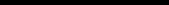
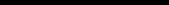
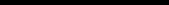
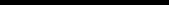
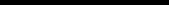
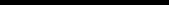
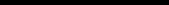
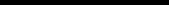
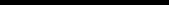
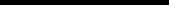
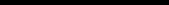
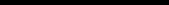
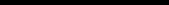
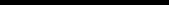
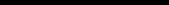
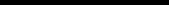
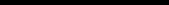
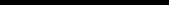
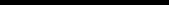
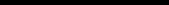
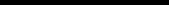
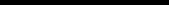
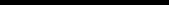
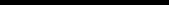
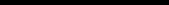
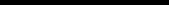
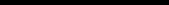
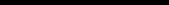
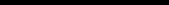
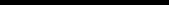
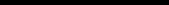
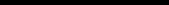
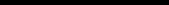
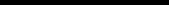
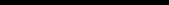
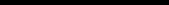
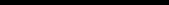
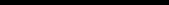
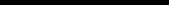
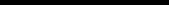
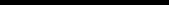
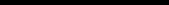
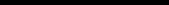
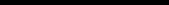
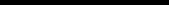
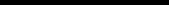
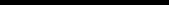
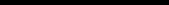
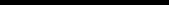
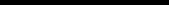
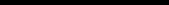
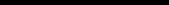
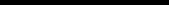
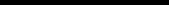
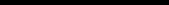
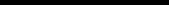
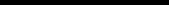
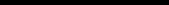
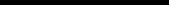
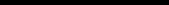
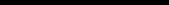
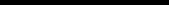
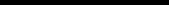
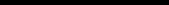
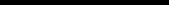
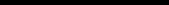
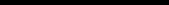
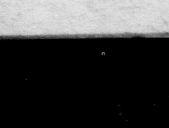
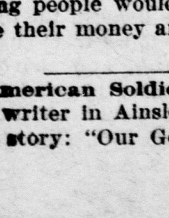
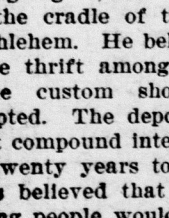
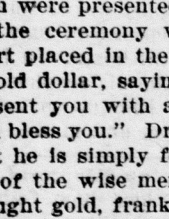
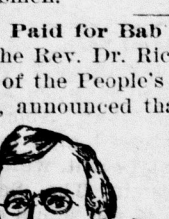
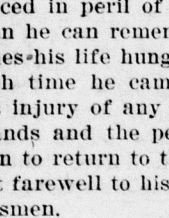
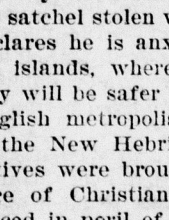
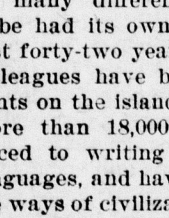
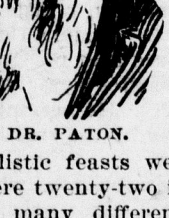
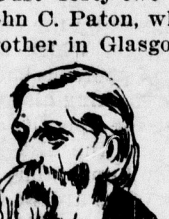
FINEST COUNTRY HOUSE IN AMERICA.



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay are building the most beautiful country
home in America. Nearly 1,000 artisans are at work upon the place amid the
sunny slopes of the headwaters of Hempstead Bay, near Roslyn, L. I. The
country home of the Mackays will resemble in its general lines the renowned
Chateau LaFite. Its walls will be pearl gray stone, on one side of which will
be a distant view of the ocean and on the other a view of the sound. Not far
away are the Wheatley Hills, in which nestle the mansions of a score of well-
known American millionaires. The cost of this superb palace will be about \$5-
000,000. The structure will be of granite, 238 feet long from east to west, and
100 feet wide from north to south. The main entrance consists of three large
doorways and three smaller ones. The house will be furnished very richly, espe-
cially in the apartments which will be occupied by Mrs. Mackay, and the third
story will be fitted gorgeously for the exclusive lodging of visitors. The grounds
will be in keeping with the dignity of the house itself. An army of servants
will be hired to maintain it.

HOW THEY RAISED MONEY FOR THE CHURCH.

Young women members of the Ep-
worth League of the First Methodist
Church of Mattewan, N. Y., pledged
themselves to earn \$1 each and con-
tribute the money toward the liquida-
tion of the church debt. At a soci-
able the other night they told how they
had earned the money. One said she
earned 50 cents by washing her
father's pet pig, and more by sell-
ing kisses at 5 cents each. Two
young women had made the rounds
of the town with a hand organ. Some
sold flowers. One said she stole veg-
etables from her grandfather's gar-
den. She justified the theft on the
ground that the money was for the
church.



To Mothers of Large Families

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

We make a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, we extend an invitation to accept free advice. Oh, women! do not let



Mrs. Carrie Belleville.

your lives be sacrificed when a word of advice at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy. Address a letter to Mrs. Pinkham's Laboratory, Lynn Mass., and you will not be disappointed.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to the Pinkham advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family."

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. Carrie Belleville, Ludington, Mich.

Sliding to Happiness.

Old Lady—And so you expect to get married when you grow up?

Little Girl—Of course. Everybody gets married. I won't say "no" like Aunt Lucy did and be an old maid. No, indeed.

"Perhaps you won't like those who ask you."

"Oh, yes, I will. I feel sure that when a real nice little boy—I mean man—comes to ask me to get married I'll be so happy I won't wait to run down stairs to meet him. I'll just slide down the balusters."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE OF Wm. Wood

CURE SICK HEADACHE

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

One of the Tricks Performed by the Fakirs of India.

The fakirs of India perform some remarkable tricks. The following one was witnessed by an Englishman who was himself an excellent prestidigitator:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them. Then one of the women stepped into the inclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little, and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body.

She then began to move around and around, uttering a low, murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling about like a top. A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillarlike form beside her. As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned and began to mold the light with her hand, and though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form.

We saw the arms, hands and legs all molded and finally the face and headgear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly, evolved out of cloudland. He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand. His hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit.

After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about. The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few minutes the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light and then attaching itself to the woman and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time before the eyes of at least 50 people and not ten feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterward.

Four Good Habits.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted; without the second mistakes the most hurtful to your own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

A Balloon Ascensionist Killed.

A balloon ascensionist was recently killed while making one of his daring trips. Life is too valuable to trifle with in foolhardy adventures. It is better to employ ourselves in peaceful pursuits where we may be secure. Then if we take care of our health, we can live to a good old age. The best means of promoting health is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This medicine cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, flatulency and insomnia. Be sure to try it.

Country Doctor (catching)—Now, little boy, what must we all do in order to enter heaven? Boy—Die. "Quite right; but what must we do before we die?" "Get ill and send for you."

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chills Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Adams' Sarsaparilla Pills act gently and promptly on the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. They cure sick headaches, constipation, biliousness, stomach disorders, sallow complexion and are the only pills that will also purify and enrich the blood. Sold in 10c and 25c boxes by all druggists. Every box guaranteed.

Advice to Students. The best College to attend for the purpose of becoming practical stenographers is in our judgment, the Gallagher-Marsh, Parrott Building, S. F., Cal. Ernest A. Gurvin, L. A. Washburne, W. J. Nicholson, Official Reporters Supreme Court, State of Cal. Send for catalogue.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm saves Doctor Bills. Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets are a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

HOW DIAZ TREATED REBELS.

Successful Policy of Mexico's President in Dealing with Recalcitrants.

"When President Diaz originally took hold of the reins of government," said a gentleman from Mexico, "there were a lot of disgruntled aspirants in the field, each of whom promptly became the center of one of those mysterious, complicated, semi-theatrical conspiracies, so dear to the heart of the average Latin-American. These cabals had headquarters in a dozen different cities; it was fashionable for even wealthy ladies to pose as their participants, and the army especially was disaffected to the core. The plain truth is that the government would undoubtedly have been overthrown if the plotters had been able to unite on any definite course of action, but no leader was willing to give an inch to another, and while they were wrangling among themselves Diaz quietly rounded them up, one by one, and crushed them out of existence. It was in that long, hard fight, conducted with consummate generalship and covering a number of years, that the secret service developed, and I've heard a great many remarkable stories of the dramatic fashion in which it was frequently put to use."

"A white-haired infantry colonel, who is an old friend of mine and a fine type of the professional soldier, told me that nine officers of his regiment were arrested simultaneously one night, charged with treason and conspiracy against the government. Two of them—a major and a captain—were seized at the colonel's own supper table, and the entire party emphatically protested their innocence. They were all members of good families, and several were connected with some of the greatest houses in the nation; so nobody dreamed that anything like summary action would be taken on the charges. In less than an hour, however, the colonel was called to the barracks and found, to his horror, that all nine prisoners had confessed their guilt. It seemed that they had been confronted by a written report, unfolding the plot with such an intricate wealth of detail and following the proceedings of the conspirators from day to day with such absolute precision that they were unable to make a stand against it and immediately broke down. Their written declarations were secured, and they were then taken at once into the barrack yard and shot. The tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of the old colonel as he told me the story, but he admitted that the effect upon the regiment had been most salutary. It put an abrupt end to all whisperings of treason. Not the slightest clew to the spy who furnished the information was ever discovered, and that of itself had a daunting influence. Men were afraid to join secret circles for fear of hobnobbing with the unknown Judas."

"This is merely one story out of scores, all substantially alike, and each emphasizing the importance of the role that has been played by the secret service in shaping the destinies of modern Mexico. In the early days it certainly enabled the President to stamp out an opposition that seemed absolutely deadly, and in later times it has been equally potent in keeping a tight rein on the turbulent element of as restless and mercurial a population as one can find on the hemisphere. As I remarked at the outset, Diaz has always kept the control of the bureau strictly in his own grasp, and I doubt whether it would be anything like as effective in other hands. Its strong point has always been the profound mystery that invested its operations. Nobody knew who belonged to it, how it was conducted or by what methods it obtained its information. It was never heard from until the blow fell. I believe the system has been absolutely necessary under existing conditions, but its records, if it has any, would doubtless make rather a hair-lifting contribution to history."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Novel Parishes. The census just taken in England has revealed the fact that there are parish populations which can be counted on a single hand. Thus Ludlow "Castle" has been a parish for upwards of 200 years. The present population is five. It was the same last census. There has been no birth in the parish for upwards of sixty years. Again, Llan-cant, a parish in Gloucestershire, about three miles from Chepstow, contains only one house, with a population of four. It has no school, no railway, no shop, and no hotel. It is situated in a lovely valley. The celebrated "Wynd-cliff" towers above it on the opposite banks of the Wye.

He Wants a Speak-Easy. An unopprobrious young minister in rural Pennsylvania, recently ordained, not long ago wrote to a theological professor in Philadelphia as follows: "I am a poor speaker, and find it hard to utter my thoughts clearly and forcibly. I have decided, therefore, to take a course of instruction in speaking, and, learning from the papers that there are a great many speak-easies in your city, I would be obliged if you would recommend me to one." The professor broke the news to him as euphemistically as possible that a "speak-easy" is merely an unlicensed drinking place.

Did the Best She Could. Louise (in surprise)—You don't mean to say Grace Pretty married a millionaire old enough to be her father? Good gracious! Why did she do such a thing? Muriel—Why, she couldn't catch one old enough to be her grandfather.—Brooklyn Life.

One of life's peculiarities is that the world is seldom watching a man when he is doing good.

Tightening the strings of a violin is a strain of music.

Impaired Digestion

May not be all that is meant by dyspepsia now, but it will be if neglected.

The meanness after eating, fits of nervous headache, sourness of the stomach, and disagreeable belching may not be very bad now, but they will be if the stomach is suffered to grow weaker.

Dyspepsia is such a miserable disease that the tendency to it should be given early attention. This is completely overcome by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which strengthens the whole digestive system.

One Comfort.—Wyld—De Rox has been sick a long time, has "t he" Dr. Doom—Yes; but he can afford it.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S QUEUE.

It Had a Luxuriant Suit of Straight and Very Dark Hair.

The Father of his Country concealed a luxuriant suit of hair beneath his queue wig. Many now with the old fashion were in vogue, to conceal thinned hair or baldness. Yet no one need have thin hair nor bald, if he cure the dandruff that causes both. Dandruff cannot be cured by scouring the scalp, because it is a germ disease, and the germ has to be killed. Newbro's Herpicide kills the dandruff germ—no other hair preparation will. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." There's no cure for dandruff but to kill the germ.

That Cough needs Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

All first-class dealers sell Gilt-Edge Whiskey because of its purity and excellence, and those that have tried it will use no other. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., San Francisco, Cal., Sole proprietors for U. S. A.

A Pure, Vegetable Compound. No mercurial or other mineral poisons in Castor's Candy Cathartic, only vegetable substances, late medical discoveries. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Piso Cane cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1901.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Got Grip? Try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm

Mem. for Good Health. Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whisky. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

A Chance for Our Young People.

Under the management of the new president, Barton Cruikshank, M. S., the Cogswell Polytechnic College of San Francisco, with its magnificent equipment and large endowment, is offering courses, tuition free, that are not to be obtained elsewhere. We call the attention of our readers to the music courses for piano instruction and for voice culture, to the shop courses, art courses, courses for surveyors, steam engineers, etc., all free, except for a fee of five dollars per term of twenty weeks to pay for materials used.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 22 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. M. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I Will Give You \$1000 If I Fail to Cure Any Cancer or Tumor I Treat

Before it poisons the glands or affects the bone. No knife, no pain, no pay until cured. An island shrub or plant makes the cure—the most wonderful discovery on earth today; 2000 Cancers cured on people you can see. A hard lump on the lip, face or anywhere is Cancer. Any lump in a woman's breast is Cancer. It seldom pains until past cure, and if large, it always poisons the glands in armpit and side, then it is often too late and still no pain. Poor cured free if Cancer is small. Be sure to get my 126 page book, sent free, with symptoms, address and testimonials of thousands we have cured in California. Write them. Offices, Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Chamley, 25 Third street, near Market St., San Francisco.

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

At Menlo Park, San Mateo County, Cal., with its beautiful surroundings, perfect climate, careful supervision, thorough instruction, complete laboratories and gymnasium, easily maintains its position in the front rank of schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Principal.

Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm guaranteed for Croup.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you have a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force in the shape of violent purgative or pill poison is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC

Castoreo

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Not Sickening, Weakens, or Gripe, Etc. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

THEY WARD OFF DEATH.

Certain Diseases That Are Said to Aid in Lengthening Life.

One of the medical theories is that certain diseases ward off death. Rheumatic people, for instance, are said rarely to die young. Why, the medical men are unable to say, but it is probable that the blood acquires some property which is fatal to the germs of other diseases. A doctor of experience has noticed the fact in a family of five or six brothers and sisters, one of whom is rheumatic, that one will outlive the others, as a rule. If gout can be kept away from the heart and confined to the big toe, the patient is likely to live to be 90 or 100 years old. It is said that this is due to the fact that the disease purifies the blood.

If one has an attack of smallpox and lives through it, he stands an excellent chance of attaining a ripe old age. In a census of aged people taken many years ago it was found that a large percentage of them were pockmarked. This led an eminent physician to make a calculation which proved that there were twice as many pockmarked people over 80 years old as there would have been had not the smallpox exercised a preservative influence. He accounted for this curious fact by concluding that the smallpox microbe frightens away all other microbes, just as rats frighten away mice from a house.

Deafness is said to have the property of adding to the victim's age. Now and then a deaf man is run over in a city street, but when deaf people prudently pitch their tents in the country their chances of a long life are extremely good. The true explanation of this is declared to be the fact that deafness saves people a lot of worry over small matters and from the wear and tear of noises. The shrill noises to which most people are insensible because they have got used to them really are harmful. Clanging bells of street cars and ambulances, of "autos" and bicycles, the roar of elevated and surface trains, the rattling of carts and drays, the shouts of paper sellers and hucksters, even the crowing of cocks, the barking of dogs and the whistling of boys are seriously injurious to one's health. The ear nerve is very large, and every time it is overstimulated the brain receives a shock. Deaf people escape all these life shorteners, and hence they live long.

Bronchitis often shortens life, but in some cases it has the opposite effect. A large number of the old people one meets cough all the year round with chronic bronchitis. One would think to listen to them that they must cough themselves to death soon, but that is not so. The coughing helps the heart to circulate the blood and, in fact, gives exercise to many of the organs. Only for this daily exercise many old people's mechanism would get fatally clogged. Besides, a man with bronchitis will not sit in a draft, he will avoid getting wet and will not stay out half the night, losing his sleep and "painting the town" with the "boys." Thus he more than compensates for the injury done to him by his ailment.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take Grove's Tasteless Chills Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

For Consumption try Fryer's Abietene Cough Balm.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

What S. S. S. Does for Children

Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

Such children need a blood purifier and tonic to give strength and vitality to their blood, and S. S. S., being a purely vegetable remedy, makes it the safest and best for the delicate constitutions of children. S. S. S. is not only a perfect blood medicine, but is pre-eminently the tonic for children; it increases their appetites and strengthens the digestion and assimilation of food. If your children have any hereditary or acquired taint in their blood, give them S. S. S. and write to our physicians for any information or advice wanted; this will cost you nothing, and will start the little weaklings on the road to recovery. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases, free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Wisdom of Experience.

When I was 20, I thought I was 40; when I was 30 I thought I was 50; when I was 40 I thought I was 25, and when I was 50 I wondered if they were going to bring in the high chair at the table and give me the bottle.—W. W. Goodwin, Retiring Harvard Professor, at a Dinner in His Honor.

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"To begin at the beginning," she said, "when I was about seven years of age a sudden fright brought on a dreadful condition of nervousness. When, in 1896, I was injured in a runaway accident, this, combined with my former trouble, made me so ill that I was unable to open school the following Monday."

"Was it true that you were reported to be insane?" asked the interviewer. "Yes, and the members of my family thought that I was becoming so. Words do not express the agony I endured with my head and eyes. The least noise would cut through my nerves like a knife. I was hot and cold by flashes, had piercing pains in my temples and in the back of my head and a red mist was constantly before my eyes."

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